Week ending January 22 1955
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Harry Leader, Geoff Love
Malcolm Mitchell
Ray Martin, Ronnie Scott
Sid Phillips, Edmundo Ros
Norrie Paramor
Freddy Randall
Cyril Stapleton
Victor Silvester
Nat Temple, Jack White
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Woolf Phillips
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OUT WED., 26 JAN.—4D

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EDITORIAL

Wintry joke

ALMOST every time the phone rings in the house of Mr. Plummer, the plumber—Charles Frederick Plummer, of Rochester Way, in south-east London—somebody's pipes have burst.

During a cold snap, Mr. Plummer's phone rings day and night. So do the phones of the other 11,200 plumbing firms in Britain. For plumbing is one of the things the British are stupid about.

There is no official estimate of the cost to this nation of a winter's burst pipes. But repairs, and water damage, must run into millions of pounds a year. Only about half of Britain's 13,000,000 homes escape some trouble in a severe cold spell.

THIS is good business for Mr. Plummer and his mates. But, as a conscientious plumber, he prefers preventing burst pipes to mending them.

"If the plumbing in the average British house was installed with a bit of sense," he says, "at least three-quarters of the emergency calls I get would never happen.

"Builders *will* put pipes in exposed places. They *will* put them in the cold roof space. Then the householder forgets to lag them. The damage and expense are so unnecessary."

MR. PLUMMER
He prefers preventing bursts

Most plumbers agree with him.

What Britain needs is a simple Code of Plumbing for new houses. America already has one—a nation-wide code adapted by each city according to its climate.

Over here, a start has been made in Cambridge, where architects, builders and plumbers have worked out a code of their own. Intelligent plumbing, its authors state, adds only £10 to £15 to the cost of a new house. It saves far more than that sum in future years.

The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has also produced a set of rules to guide builders.

WHY cannot Britain have a national code, and insist that all new houses incorporate sensible plumbing? As it is, we are steadily building the flooded kitchens and bathrooms of the future. Are the British never going to tire of this wintry joke?

Both the Cambridge plumbers and the D.S.I.R. point out, however, that even the best frost-proof plumbing needs care by the householder. Pipes must be lagged and, as a last resource, emptied out.

So, until Britain gets a national Code of Plumbing, Mr. Plummer has this advice for every householder: "If you are building or buying a house, insist on a sensible pipe layout. The little extra expense will be well repaid every winter. And, if the plumbing in your house is not properly protected, lag those pipes."

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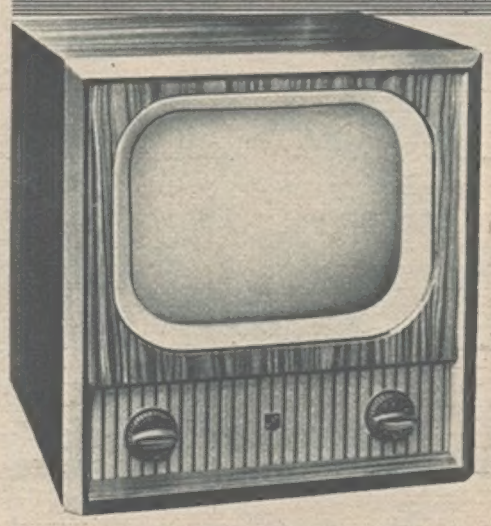

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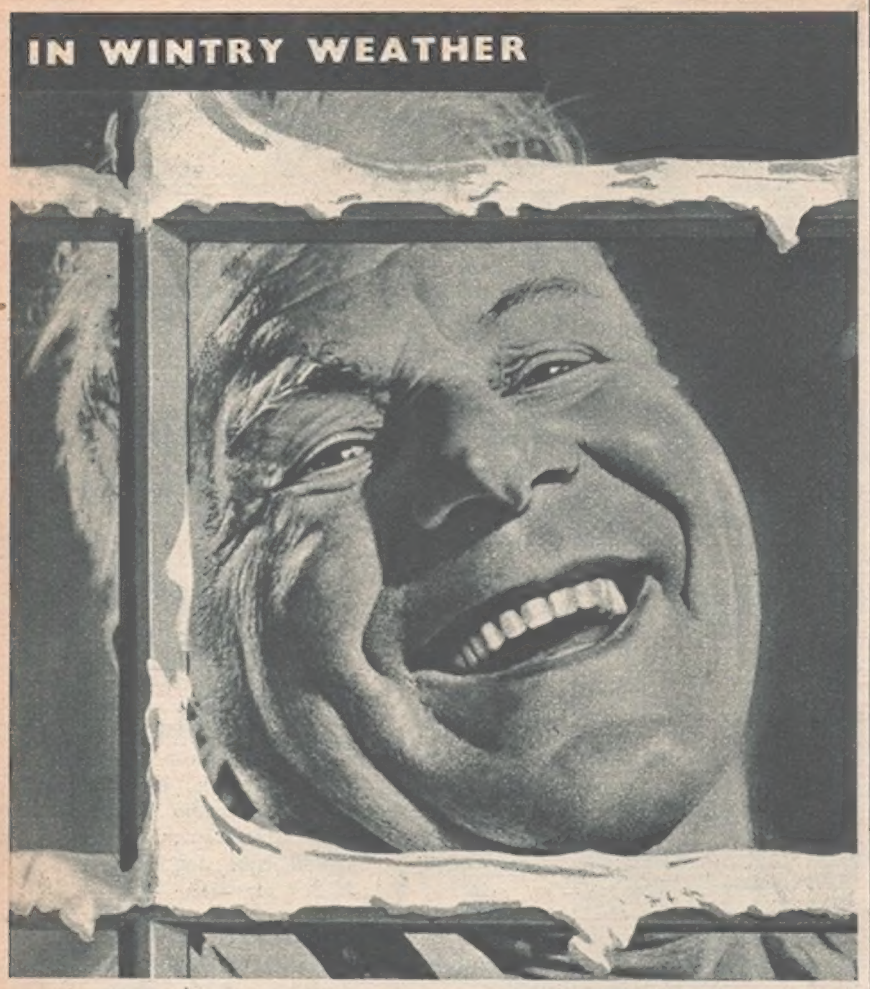

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Effervescent Andrews is antacid; it soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

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ON COLD MORNINGS, some people prefer to take the chill off their Andrews with a dash of hot water.

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FREE SPEECH

Equality rules at this State school

MY small son goes to a county primary school in the heart of the country. Though it is primitive and ill-equipped, it is unusually democratic. This is because there are no private schools nearby.

Local doctors, clergymen, barristers and industrialists, as well as farm labourers and road-menders, send their children to it. Every morning a Rolls-Royce arrives with the son of a wealthy landowner and the son of his gardener sitting together in the back.

In my opinion, it is an excellent thing to mix social classes like this. But it does not last long. When the children of the well-to-do reach the age of eight, they are sent away to boarding schools.

In other civilized countries, even wealthy parents prefer to send their children to the State schools—and they use their influence to ensure that those schools are good enough for their own children and, incidentally, for the rest.

I intend to keep my son at the primary school—but I also intend to plague the authorities until they provide it with more teachers and better equipment, sanitation and lighting.—A. ROBERTS, Kent.

Fasting Fit

WHY does Mrs. Worth bother about breakfast at all? ("Free Speech," January 8).

In America I kept fit and fat for months on a combination of breakfast and lunch at eleven thirty.—J. GRIGGS, Colchester, Essex.

Come-back

I WAS greatly interested in Captain Liddell Hart's article about the German break-through in the Ardennes in December, 1944 (JOHN BULL, December 18).

At that time I was with the Special Investigation Branch of the Military Police in Antwerp; news quickly reached both us and the Belgian population about the drive of Dietrich's Panzer Army to cut off the port.

A Belgian farmer outside Antwerp acted swiftly on the news. He promptly surrendered two jerry-cans of petrol that he had "acquired" during the Allied advance, to our nearest army unit. He explained that his action was "in case the petrol is needed to stop the Germans returning."

His concern for the Allies' position was not received in the same spirit, for he soon found himself under arrest, while the strategic position was restored without the help of his petrol. — J. RICHARDSON, Melrose Avenue, Backworth, Shiremoor, Northumberland.

Cockle And Muscle

THE letter about coracles ("Free Speech," December 11) made it appear that they are difficult to navigate and carry about. In fact, both operations are simple after a little practice.

Six years ago, I wanted a small boat for fishing in difficult places. I got into touch with a coracle fisherman on the River Tivy, who made me a coracle for £6 10s. After only a short demonstration and a few instructions, I mastered the figure-of-eight stroke, which is the only paddle action possible if the boat is not to spin in circles.

Fisherman Bassett wears a coracle

You can travel surprisingly fast in a coracle; I can cross the largest lake in safety in my cockle-shell craft.

As for portability, a coracle weighs less than fifty-six pounds. By means of a special strap, it is easily carried over the shoulders.

I have carried mine for a quarter of a mile, and have even climbed a fence "wearing" it.

Welsh coracle fishermen carry theirs for long distances with ease.—B. BASSETT, Wokingham Road, Reading, Berks.

Delayed Action

WHEN I read about the monks' distillery ("Free Speech," December 25). I was reminded of my visits to what is left of the once great Benedictine Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk.

I went there during the war, when I was stationed in the area. I found it pleasant to walk in the abbey grounds, where mellowed stumps of masonry mark the sites of what were formerly chapel, refectory or dormitory.

Concern lest the havoc wrought at the time of the Reformation should be added to by present-day vandals was shown by the small notice-boards scattered about, which said: "Please do not damage the ruins."—H. BENSON, Dolgelley, Merioneth.

Dry Clean

A SUSSEX reader writes about the German custom of trailing carpets in the snow to clean them ("Free Speech," January 1).

For housewives who have gardens but no snow, it is worth noting that the lawn acts on a carpet in the same way.

I choose the middle of a dry morning, when there is still some dew on the grass, to trail my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

HOW THE RUSSIANS SMASHED GERMANY'S DEFENCE

by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

New! Savlon skin-healing cream does three jobs at once

New from I.C.I.—an antiseptic cream that acts in three ways at once to heal common skin troubles and cuts and burns. It cleanses dirt away; soothes pain and irritation; and fights germs. It is called Savlon.

Savlon contains a powerful but safe germicidal substance, widely used by hospital surgeons and skin specialists because it cleanses the skin and fights germs at one and the same time. Savlon is a mild, soothing cream that does not harm living tissue—and so it helps, instead of hindering, nature's own healing process. And it is effective against the whole range of bacteria likely to attack your skin.

Sores, cuts and minor injuries all respond to its healing power. Just spread a little Savlon on to the affected place direct from the tube, and smooth it gently in. Savlon penetrates into the minute crevices of the skin to where harmful germs lie hidden. It quickly gets rid of irritation and soreness.

Get a tube of this healing cream and prove for yourself how quickly and powerfully it works. Savlon is sold by your chemist, 2/6d. a tube.

BURNS AND SCALDS. Savlon brings instant relief to burns and scalds, and helps to prevent them going septic. Directly you apply this white, creamy antiseptic, the pain is eased. Savlon soothes as it heals.

COMMON SKIN TROUBLES. Just smooth in creamy Savlon. It penetrates the minute crevices of the skin, attacks the germs, and the healing process begins. CUTS AND MINOR INJURIES also quickly respond to Savlon's rapid-healing action.

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SAV.8

More people drink

WATNEY'S

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BROWN

ALE

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

carpets face downwards. Not only does this clean and brighten them, but they carry the smell of the garden into the house afterwards. — MRS. G. DUFFY, Bexleyheath, Kent.

Fountainhead

WHILE I was serving in West Africa, I returned home one evening to find our garden "boy" watering

the flower beds from a bucket on his head—as you can see from my photograph.

He had clamped a length of hose-pipe into the bucket to siphon out the water, and made a fine spray by holding one finger lightly over the free end of the pipe.—MAJOR G. J. HARDS, Kettering Rd., Northampton.

By Return

THERE must be many people like Mr. Atkinson who are unaware of one solution to the problem of how to post a letter if you haven't a stamp ("Free Speech," December 18).

You may place the letter, together with the money for the postage, in another unstamped envelope which you address to the postmaster of the local post office. Seal this and post it in the normal way.

The Post Office will stamp your letter—and no correspondence with them is necessary. — AUDREY L. SMITH, Holmesdale Rd., Teddington.

The G.P.O. says that this method is not approved of. In any case, a communication to a postmaster should be paid for. The postage for both letters should therefore be placed in the outer envelope.

Iron Horses, Too?

IN his article on Tyneside (JOHN BULL, December 18), Harry Hopkins says that George Stephenson's first locomotive ran on rails 4 ft. 8 ins. apart—half an inch short of the standard gauge of today. Later, he mentions the deep ruts worn by iron-shod chariot wheels at the gateway of a Roman fort.

We were always taught at school that these ruts were also 4 ft. 8½ ins. apart. Is this just coincidence? If so, how was such an unusual measurement chosen for our railways?—F. N. HOSKINS, Lancaster.

The Historical Records Department of British Railways says that it is probably coincidence. Other explanations are that the modern gauge came about through an error in interpreting Stephenson's blueprints, or that it was the gauge of the colliery trucks that ran near the Stockton and Darlington railway, or even the axle-width of one of Stephenson's farm carts. The only recorded comment by Stephenson about the gauge of his lines was: "Make them all the same width."

Silent Plea

DON EVERITT'S article on tetanus (JOHN BULL, January 1) was one of great interest and importance.

My husband is a veterinary surgeon, and I am continually aware of the dangers of this horrible disease. He is often in contact with tetanus in farm animals, and considers it a normal practice to give anti-tetanus injections to any horse with an open wound which is even remotely likely to contract lockjaw.

Yet when he himself has sustained a wound in the course of his work, he has had to *persuade* doctors to give him a similar safeguard.—MRS. I. K., Staffordshire.

A doctor says that wartime Servicemen who were given anti-tetanus injections will have some degree of immunity for the rest of their lives. If they do contract tetanus, it is unlikely to be fatal.

Warm Welcome

YOUR reader's experiences with flags in the Faeroe Islands ("Free Speech," December 18) recalled a hitherto unrevealed war secret.

When the war ended, I was in Germany on the staff of H.Q., 21 Army Group, and I received urgent instructions to provide four flags to be used at a four-power conference the following day.

The British, French and American flags were easily obtained, but the nearby Soviet Military Mission could only provide a flag that was half the size of the other three; to have used it would have been highly tactless.

With the help of an A.T.S. clerk, I made a Soviet flag of the right size from a German red blanket and a yellow Naafi duster.

This flag was hung in the conference room, and passed without comment. I wonder how the Russians would have reacted had they known the truth. — R. H. WILKINSON, Windsor Terrace, Sliema, Malta G.C.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

PROUD parents fidget in the stalls while the dance mistress chivvies anxiously and Douglas Mays's *corps de ballet* stare in awe and hope at the future. A generation ago, ballet was an expensive pastime for the few. Today, with British companies among the world's finest and with the help of TV and films, it is one of the best-loved arts in the land. Few of the youngsters who flood the schools become Fonteyns. "But," says Mays, who is himself a ballet-lover, "it doesn't matter. The physical and imaginative experience of ballet's blend of dancing, music, painting, mime and dress design will help them all to be more sensitively alive."

The unique prescription for COLDS *and* 'FLU!

Here are your SYMPTOMS
SNEEZING • SHIVERING
HEADACHE • SORE THROAT
RUNNING EYES *and* NOSE
HIGH TEMPERATURE
MUSCULAR PAINS

Now take a
BEECHAMS' POWDER

The unique formula of Beecham's Powders brings under control the worst symptoms of a Cold, Feverish Chill or attack of 'Flu. Because of their fine powder form Beecham's Powders are quickly assimilated and speedy in action. So, be wise! When you feel a cold or 'flu coming on take Beecham's Powders and have the benefit at once. Buy some now and keep them handy!

2 Powders for 5½d. Cartons of 8 1/7. Also in tablet form 1/7 per bottle

Take **BEECHAM'S POWDERS** For QUICK RELIEF!

A Rich Reward for You and Yours

£4,315 FOR YOU AT AGE 55

That's a big sum of money—without taking into account any accumulated Dividends which would be added to it. Think what it would mean to you and yours! Why not get full details of the Sun Life of Canada Income-Endowment plan which makes it possible for men (and women—who get a somewhat larger sum) under 45, to achieve such independence? If preferred, a private income for life can be taken instead of the Capital sum. The over forty-fives will also be interested, receiving cash or income at 60 or 65.

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£3,300 FOR DEPENDANTS

Should you not live to age 55, this large Capital Sum or an income, plus any accumulated Dividends, will be paid to your dependants even if you'd lived to make only one payment.

The size of the cash sum or private income depends upon your wishes and the amount of the monthly, half yearly or yearly premium you regularly set aside. Adjustments can be made to suit your personal requirements—large or small. By filling in and sending the enquiry form (postage 1½d. if unsealed) you can obtain full details suited to you personally. You are under no obligation if you ask for information.

To M. MACAULAY (General Manager for Gt. Britain and Ireland)

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I should like to know more about your plan as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

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(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

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Occupation .....

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J.B.22/1/55

Pipes to mend

Good thing you sent for me, ma'am. Slowcoach Dutton's a dead loss these days
You shouldn't say such things about him, Mr. Makins
I'm-er-sorry you had to make other arrangements, ma'am. It-it clean slipped my mind!
I did wait till twelve, Mr. Dutton. But I had to get somebody...
LATER
Can't get round like I used to... too tired these days ... losing trade. What a plumber you're apprenticed to!
Cheer up, Guv! Dad reckons you're the best plumber in town. Why not see a doctor?
What can I do, Doctor? I go to bed at ten, and wake up at seven feeling still tired! Never used to!
Then your sleep probably isn't relaxed. People aren't properly refreshed by sleep, unless their nerves and brain get a holiday by night, as well as their bodies. Your whole personality's got to relax. There's nothing seriously wrong with you, so I recommend Horlicks
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
SOME MONTHS LATER
Supper's ready, Jim
O.K., Ma! I've got No. 43's tank to fix after supper. With these new customers, I'll be able to start that new shop come Spring...
Jas. DUTTON PLUMBER
FORMERLY MAKINS
(THINKS) No tiredness now—thanks to Horlicks!
HORLICKS

An irritating cough can usually be relieved by a demulcent remedy (orthodox medical opinion)

A teaspoonful of Veno's swallowed slowly goes straight to the sensitive membranes . . . bathes them in soothing demulcent syrup

VENO'S is 90% demulcent

—THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR COUGHS

Veno's is a pure, medicinal cough syrup with a 90% demulcent action. A teaspoonful, sipped slowly, goes straight to the sensitive membranes of the pharynx and the larynx and is most soothing for a raw, dry throat. According to orthodox medical opinion, a demulcent is most effective for soothing a tickling, irritating cough. Veno's is almost completely demulcent. That is why it is particularly beneficial—especially at bedtime. But, as it is not a sedative and does not dope the nerves, it is entirely suitable for family use, and mothers can give it to children with complete safety at bedtime or any other time.

VENO'S COUGH MIXTURE

2/- and family size 3/3

Soothes the most irritating cough

the "smallest room" needs the strongest cleaner — every single day!

Every day, your "smallest room" needs a cleaner *strong* enough to scour right round the S-bend, killing germs and biting into stains!

Harpic is made specially strong to do just this job, and to keep the bowl gleaming white—*safely, without harming the porcelain. Also, Harpic deodorizes and freshens the whole room.* There are two sizes of Harpic—1/6 & 2/6.

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ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION
1/10, 2/9 & 5/4 (Family Size)

Try Elliman's in the Bath!
When you feel "aching all over" at the end of a day try a tablespoonful or two of ELLIMAN'S in a warm bath. It soothes away tiredness, refreshes, revives!

I SAID IT WITH MUSIC

THE LIFE STORY OF JACK PAYNE

Britain's showman of music records his crowded career—an intimate and personality-filled story spanning thirty years of entertainment

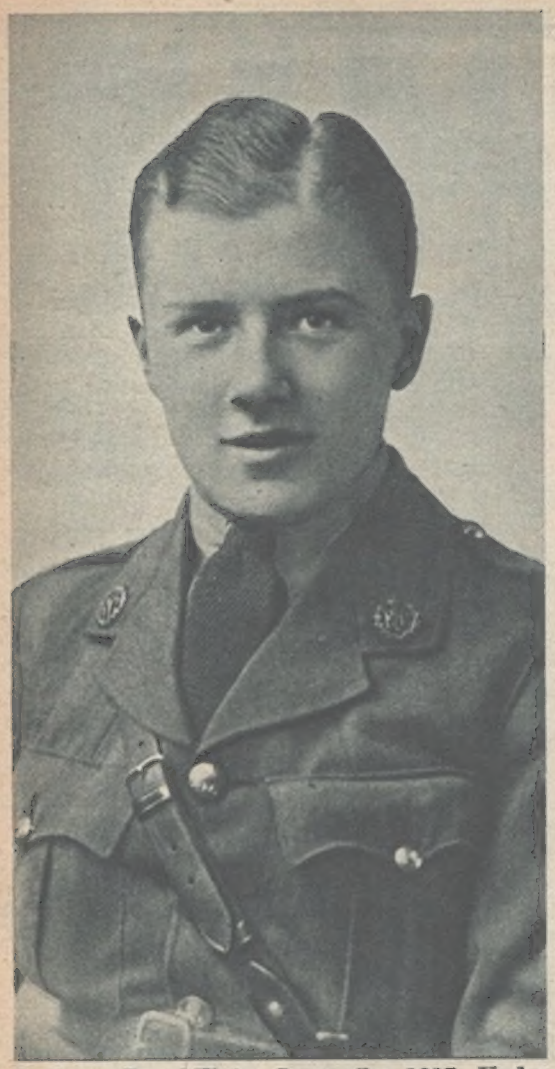
ONE DARK WINTER EVENING I went secretly to play the organ at my local parish church in Birmingham. I pushed the heavy door wide enough to squeeze myself through and tip-toed tremulously along the dark, echoing nave. I was thirteen years old. I reached the organ and fumbled hurriedly for the switch to the small light above the music rest. I sat on the stool, switched on the organ motor, and then gently stroked the keys.

Impulsively, I pulled out the stops and played a chord. A thunderous roar filled the empty building. My nerve broke. In panic, I looked round and beyond the pale sphere of light surrounding me I imagined that I could see fantastic moving shapes. I flung myself to the nearby vestry door, across the vestry, and out and across the graveyard to the safety of the lighted streets.

The church organ fascinated me. After tea a few evenings later, I summoned courage to return to the church. This time, in spite of my fears, I played for a while. I went to the church often after that. No one ever found out.

My earliest musical memory is of being taken, at about the age of three and a half, into a park in Leamington Spa, and conducting the brass bands from my pram. And I remember lying in bed one Sunday evening, listening with tears in my eyes to the sweetness and sadness of my mother's voice as she sang to some friends. On the edge of my mind, like odd phrases from old songs, linger the early memories of my life and music: music which later brought me fame and fortune.

When I was born in a semi-detached house in Church Street, Leamington Spa, on August 22, 1899, my parents and my paternal grandmother named me John Wesley Vivian: John after my father, Wesley after the Methodist, and Vivian the masculine gender of my mother's name. My father always



Jack as a Royal Flying Corps pilot, 1917. Under age, he forged his birth certificate to enlist

Leading the Hotel Cecil band in 1925. Payne was an unknown when he bluffed his way into this London." In fact, he did not then have a band. He had to build one secretly from among friends

called me Wesley, the name I loathed most. I was an only child.

Though my father earned a living in a number of capacities, including that of musician, I remember him only as a dentist. Dapper, with dark hair, he had an athletic build. He wore pince-nez, the result, he often warned me, of imitating at school a boy with crossed eyes.

Devout by Victorian and Edwardian standards, he pulled down the drawing-room blinds on Sunday, and ordered me to church in the morning, to a chapel school in the afternoon and, more often than not, to chapel in the evening. He knew the Bible well and could recite long passages from it. As a lay preacher, he drew large, mainly feminine audiences. Women found him attractive; their company certainly attracted him.

Typical of the men of that time, he charmed friends and outsiders with his manner, and exerted an iron bullying rule over his house and family. At parties he played the perfect host: afterwards he would beat me fiercely about the head for holding my fork wrongly or some other small childlike misdemeanour. During a holiday in Wales, I fell accidentally into a pool and gashed my legs while clambering over rocks: I got a thrashing for making my clothes wet.

Gave Dog A Whipping

Once, my father horse-whipped my dog, Gyp, for stealing meat. The punishment came in the evening, several hours after the crime, and I knew the dog did not understand when my father took him into the garden. The carriage whip fell tirelessly across the wretched animal's back until I could control myself no longer.

"Stop it. Stop it," I screamed at my father. "You'll kill him."

He ignored me, and I tried to wrest the whip from him.

"Get out of the way," he said, and a couple of blows fell across me for my pains.

I found it hard to understand my father's antagonism towards Gyp, because he seemed genuinely affectionate with his own horses and with other animals generally: he once spent most of a night searching the streets and the neighbouring gardens for his cat. Probably Gyp suffered because of my father's aversion to me.

My existence certainly divided my parents. While my father missed no opportunity to chastise, my mother sheltered me and probably succeeded in spoiling me. At my birth, she was twenty-seven, three years older than my father. She was a small, handsome brunette, generous and gentle and easily brought to tears. She had her share of wifely jealousies. She could not understand my father's nature, which was the complete and unhappy opposite of hers. The task was probably beyond her anyway.

A Punch On The Jaw

Once, when they went out together early in their marriage, they jostled along a crowded pavement. Suddenly, my father seized a fellow by the scruff of the neck and said: "Do you know you nearly knocked down my wife? Now come on, apologize."

"Take your hands off me," the man said. "I refuse to apologize. I never touched your wife."

My father knocked him down with a punch on the jaw. My mother's surprise equalled that of the victim, because she had made no complaint at all. Exhibitions like this happened so often that she ultimately avoided going out with my father.

One Sunday night, as he and I returned from chapel, he said: "Wesley, I should think you can run faster than me by now, can't you?"

"I doubt it," I replied, for I was only about twelve at the time.

"Come on," he said. "Try."

We raced home and he won easily. He thoroughly enjoyed himself. The race became a feature of the Sunday evenings, but he would suggest it only during the dark winter months. After a while, I used to give up running as soon as he got ahead, and walk the rest of the way.

I spent much of my early childhood in a world of my own imagination. I pretended I had a string of horses in loose boxes on the lawn at the back of the house. Twice a day I went through a ritual in which I filled a bucket of water, opened the doors to the boxes, gave the horses a drink and a pat, and generally cared for them. I was most upset if anything prevented me from visiting my stable.

Animals, in fact and in fancy, received a good deal of my otherwise thwarted affection. Someone once gave me a pair of Java doves. I grew very attached to them and when one died I held a funeral. I trimmed my wooden trolley and decked it with flowers as a hearse, put the bird in a makeshift cardboard coffin, and persuaded Gyp to act as the horse. We made quite an impressive, though somewhat faltering, procession across the lawn.

The trolley car was one of many toys which I made for myself. I enjoyed working with my hands. Once, my mother gave me money to buy glass and putty for me to make a garden frame from an old packing case. I finished it in the evening just as my father came home. Before I could show off my workmanship, however, he seized the frame angrily.

"Where did you get this wood?" he shouted.

Before I could answer, he smashed the frame against the wall.

Played Piano At Eight

Crying with rage, I tried to beat him with my fists. He knocked me down, and the broken glass cut my arm. I ran, sobbing, to the bathroom. My father, his unaccountable temper ending as quickly as it began, followed me and offered to bandage the wound. I remember I wouldn't let him touch me.

Music filled quite a large part of my young life. I began learning to play the piano at about the age of eight, and I progressed rapidly. Music had a strong emotional effect on me, and I

job by posing as the leader of "the best band in
and musicians hastily recruited in Archer Street

found a lot of enjoyment in the evening or late on a Sunday afternoon, sitting at the piano, often in the dark, extemporizing.

At preparatory school and later—when my parents moved to Birmingham—at the Bridge Trust School, I excelled at nothing. I even muffed my first stage performance. Playing Juno in a school production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, I lost my nerve at the last moment. I went on the stage and stood dumb.

"Come on, you silly ass," Ariel whispered in the awful silence. "Spill it out quickly."

Somehow, I gave a garbled version of my two lines. I have never forgotten them since: "How does my bounteous sister? Go with me to bless this twain that they may prosperous be and honoured in their issue." A little advanced for a ten-year-old, I feel today.

He Disliked Mathematics

In class I did moderately well at Latin, enjoyed carpentry, chemistry, physics and other subjects in which I could use my hands, and disliked mathematics, German and French. The modern language teachers insisted on conducting their classes entirely in the language being taught. I disliked making a fool of myself, so I never asked any questions.

I made a reasonable impression on the masters. They put me in the progressing-and-tries-hard category. One, known to the boys as Pecker, favoured me by allowing me to fetch his motor-cycle from the shed at the end of the afternoon. I liked to show off to everyone that I could start the engine and ride the cycle.

I got into serious trouble only once at school. Probably from my father's influence, I developed a sharp temper. If anyone used my nickname, "Agony," to my face, I went for him, whatever his size. I argued fiercely with my piano teachers because they reprimanded me for learning more than the pieces they set.

One day at school, as I kicked a ball about

Continued on page 31

"Born in Leamington Spa in 1899, I was an only child and named John after my father, Wesley after the Methodist, and Vivian after my mother. Later, at school, I was nicknamed 'Agony'"

"My existence certainly divided my parents. Father, a dentist, was a dapper, devout man whose manner charmed women and outsiders. At home, he exerted an iron bullying rule and lost no opportunity to chastise me. My mother, gentle and generous, sheltered and spoiled me"

Fellow Passenger

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

I'd been tricked, drugged and shipped abroad in a crate. What a way to travel to Russia!

SOME OF the Tower of London's most illustrious prisoners have spent their enforced leisure writing. And what was good enough for Sir Walter Raleigh is good enough for me—Claudio Howard-Wolferstan—while I wait for the government to decide if I can be found guilty of high treason.

Despite my name, I am more of Ecuador than England. But before my father died he told me that my inheritance was over here—hidden in an attic chimney of the old family manor at Moreton Intrinseca. Unfortunately, the manor had become a hostel for atomic scientists.

I managed to break in one night, but I searched the wrong chimney. On my way out I blundered into the bedroom of Dr. Ridgeway, a metallurgist. I prefer to think of her as Cornelia. She had a most attractive voice and extremely kissable lips.

Perhaps because she was such a beautiful girl —as I was to realize when I saw her in daylight at Saxminster Magistrates' Court—she was well guarded. The alarm was raised and I was soon caught. I thought the magistrates would regard it as a harmless prank. I was wrong.

I had to admit that I had been a Communist while up at Oxford. But what really damned me was that as a wartime agent I'd worked under Chris Emmassin—and Chris had gone over to the Russians. I was sent for trial at the next assizes, and there was no doubt that I would be charged with spying.

That was when I made my bid for freedom. Diving through a window, I dodged my immediate pursuers and hid in the cathedral's chapter hall. Next day, I overheard a police sergeant suggesting that Saxminster's only Communist, a man named Cecil Reyvers, had spirited me away.

My chance to get farther afield came when I caught a seedy artist rifling the collecting box. I forced him to exchange clothes with me and then, equipped with his drawing-board and sketches, I walked boldly out of the town.

PART TWO

The Communist Bookseller

I SLEPT for an hour or two in a copse, uncomfortably enough. When I awoke, I lay considering what on earth was to be done next. My strong impulse was to make for the nearest port, Bristol or Southampton; but it stood to reason that the ports were just where the police net would have the closest mesh. London, then? But hadn't I read that all wanted men tried to disappear in London?

I think what really influenced me against the life of a fugitive in a town was the grey village down the hill towards which my feet were pointing. It was just waking up, and satisfying to all senses. Damn it, I thought, if I am going to hide, let it be where I can enjoy myself!

So I was all for staying in the country, as long as I could quickly put a good many more miles between myself and Saxminster, and then find a quiet spot in which to grow a beard. Movement was the difficulty.

As I lay there in the copse, it occurred to me that since I was a Communist to the whole world except myself, I might as well get some help from my fellow outcasts. True, I only knew one, and him by hearsay—poor Cecil Reyvers who kept a bookshop in Saxminster. He sounded like a local joke, more resembling a harmless atheist or anarchist.

DOWN in the village the red box of a public telephone glittered in the morning sun and tempted me. I was sorry for Cecil Reyvers, but I was going to larn him to be a Communist. I waited till ten to give him plenty of time to arrive in his shop, and then walked down to the village. I passed a few people, but they did not pay the slightest attention to a scruffy and preoccupied artist.

I found the number of Reyvers's Library, and took the risk. When I had him on the other end of the telephone, I said briskly, "I have been instructed to get in touch with you. You have a car, comrade?"

He hesitated. I expect that "comrade" was what he least wanted to be called in that particular week.

"I have. Who is that speaking?"

"It is unimportant who is speaking," I answered authoritatively. "Your orders are to be at Kingston Dray in about an hour. Turn up the lane to the copse above the village, and wait under the large oak on the right-hand side at the top of the hill."

"I'd like to know a little more . . ." he began, asserting himself.

"You will," I told him. "But obey now, and the party will not forget it."

He did not sound as if he cared whether the party forgot or didn't, but finally agreed to come.

I observed him carefully through the hedge as he sat in his car. I had expected some wishy-washy provincial intellectual. I was quite wrong. Mr. Cecil Reyvers was red-faced and farmerish. I didn't like it at all. However, it was most improbable that he would dare to give me away.

"Good morning, comrade," I said to him.

I had emerged from the hedge when he was

As soon as I gave him my name, he knew who

looking the other way. He was obviously startled, but set his face to blank. "Good morning," he answered, and waited.

"I am Howard-Wolferstan."

It was astonishing to see so red a face turn pale. "I'll have nothing to do with you," he said. "I have no instructions."

"You can't avoid it, comrade."

"I am an intellectual," he protested. "The party has no right whatever to ask this sort of thing of me."

"The party has a right to ask anything of you."

"Then I insist on being instructed in the proper way."

"You are being instructed in the only possible way."

He was hopelessly out of his depth. So was I, for that matter. I am sure he should have

I was—Howard-Wolferstan, the spy. He looked at me calmly. "That's very interesting," he said

flatly refused to help me unless told to do so through the usual channels.

"I don't see what they can do to me if I refuse," he said sturdily.

"How would you like it to be spread all over the town that you assisted Howard-Wolferstan?" I asked.

"It would be a lie."

"Would it? What are you doing here? Why are the tracks of your car in this lane? Where did you tell your office that you were going, and why aren't you there? You ought to know that we have ways of giving information to the police."

"I'll denounce you to the police myself," he said.

"No, you won't. Whatever else you may be, you are not a traitor to your class."

Cold sweat was dripping down my ribs. I could not have continued this duel much longer. But it was near the end. I had him completely bewildered.

"Oh, be logical, comrade!" I insisted patronizingly. "You might just as well help me and keep us all out of trouble."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Drive me where I tell you. Salisbury, for a start."

On the journey I did my best to make him feel he was a gallant party member serving the peaceful future of the world, but I could not strike a spark of enthusiasm out of him. Of course it did not help matters that he should have to make some slight pecuniary sacrifice for the party. At Salisbury I made him buy me an oilskin coat, a cooking-pot, matches, torch, shaving things and a comb and a mirror. And when we arrived at a promising lonely track, I relieved him of his spare cash.

Where he left me was the edge of Cranborne Chase. The thickets of the Chase seemed to me fairly safe to inhabit while letting my beard grow. That was what I wanted—a short, black beard to go with the drawing board, thoroughly untidy like the rest of me.

My short stay as a wild man of the woods in Cranborne Chase was intensely unpleasant. It rained. I caught a cold. Living largely on wood-pigeon's eggs, I just managed to endure ten shivering days, but could stand no more of this forest euphemistically called temperate.

I still had no really convincing beard, and abandoned the project. Instead, I gave myself a bald head with my safety razor, and sideboard whiskers down to the lobes of my ears. These connected with the growth of hair which starts close under my eyes, and changed my high-cheekboned, narrow face to a square one.

This gipsy-like appearance was out of keeping with the original character, so I thought myself into a more swashbuckling part — the frank and loud Bohemian, easily sure of hospitality and with a taste for free beer. I thought up a name that pleased me: Michael Bassoon.

When I took the road, I had some £9 in my pockets, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Reyvers and my companion in the chapter hall cellar. This wealth was reduced to £3 when I had bought an army pack, a few oil paints, a folding easel and a couple of canvases in Shaftesbury. I preserved the portfolio of sketches as evidence that I could draw.

In the character of Michael Bassoon, I wandered through Wiltshire and Somerset, sleeping rough, eating cheap, and discreetly wasting time until it should be assumed that I had left the country. I managed to get a few odd jobs: but my appearance was so unconventional that no employer thought of offering me a permanency. In fact, Michael Bassoon soon became a bore.

He wasn't to bore me much longer, however. He came to an abrupt end one day when I was sitting on the bench outside a pleasant little pub eating a lunch of bread and beer.

I was finishing the beer when a car drew up and two men got out. One was a sharp-looking, earnest rat of a man. The other was larger and smoother, with the air and dress of a minor civil servant. It was he who opened the bowling —briskly.

"Mr. Bassoon?"

"I am."

"I am going to ask you to accompany me to the police station."

"What for?"

"On suspicion of being Howard-Wolferstan."

I was badly shaken at first, but I quickly saw that these men could have nothing to do with the law. If the police wanted to talk to Bassoon, they had only to alert local stations and Bassoon would be picked up in ten minutes. The chances were that Cecil Reyvers had reported his adventure to higher authority.

So I played it that way, fairly confidently. "Cut it out, comrade!" I said. "You've been the hell of a time picking me up."

"You—you are Howard-Wolferstan then?" he asked.

"Of course I'm Howard-Wolferstan, you fool. What have you arranged for me?"

The other man then took a hand. "You must understand," he said, "that we are only concerned, so far, with your identity."

"Then get on back and be concerned with something more practical," I said. "I shall stay at this pub until you return with proper orders. And you'd better give me some money."

"We have no. . . ."

"Of course you have no authority. Can't you ever think for yourself, comrade?"

"Is two quid any use?" asked the civil servant impatiently.

"It will do for the bar bill," I said. "You

can pay the rest when you fetch me. Now, get on back to London and report!"

I shoved them into their car. Then I picked up Michael Bassoon's stage properties and managed to get a room at the pub just before closing-time.

The fact that all decisions would now be taken for me induced a sense of delicious relaxation. I dined on bacon and eggs and whisky, and slept till ten in the morning. I will not say qualms were entirely absent, but the party line was far better than continuing the safe and objectless life of that tramp Bassoon.

Another car turned up the following morning. This time the minor civil servant had as his companion an altogether more efficient type. He had a round, fair face and he certainly was not English—though his trace of accent would not have been noticeable if one had not been waiting for it.

I took them up to my bedroom and ordered drinks. The new and alarmingly genuine comrade put his gin down in one gulp. He went straight to the point. "Are you prepared to obey orders?" he asked.

"With delight and relief, comrade."

"Have you any papers you wish to hand over to us for safe keeping?"

I answered him with a pretence of astonishment: "My dear fellow, I got rid of them long ago! Inside the place. Before I was caught. Surely you know that?"

"To whom?"

"Comrade," I replied reproachfully. "You really must know that I am not authorized to answer that question."

THAT seemed to satisfy them. They paid my bill, and we drove amicably to London, reaching Hammersmith after dark. Then came the inevitable plunge into melodrama. I was invited into the back of a closed van from which I could see nothing. The minor civil servant drove away the car in which we had come.

Where we drove I have not the slightest idea —certainly well out of London. I was hurried straight from the van through the back door of a country house, and down into a very comfortable suite—bed-sitting-room with bathroom—in the basement.

When I was formally called in the morning, my attendant was much more cordial. My behaviour must have met with approval in high quarters.

The game was going as I wanted. As I was an old member of the Communist Party, presumptions must be all in my favour. No one would ever admit that all trace of me had been lost. Therefore I must have been employed by somebody. But by whom they could not tell until I should be interviewed—which God forbid!—on such a high level that I had to answer.

On the second day, after breakfast, my gentleman's gentleman turned himself disconcertingly into policeman. "My orders are that you must let your hair grow," he said.

I refused. I very badly needed my bald head and facial decorations whenever I should be on my own again.

"I see what they mean," I told him. "If I am recognizable as Howard-Wolferstan, I shall be entirely in their hands. But I've got no great faith in the organization on this side. If they slip up and I am arrested as Howard-Wolferstan, where are we then? You report what I say and cable for instructions."

He went out without a word; and his unknown boss must indeed have passed on my comment by cable or wireless, since I heard no more for a couple of days. It delighted me that the matter of Bassoon's bald head had to be dealt with right at the top. However, I lost the trick in the end and the hair had to come off my cheeks on to my head.

My attendant would not give me the slightest indication of where or when I was likely to go. It occurred to me that, when I went, I might

"Comrade," I said, "there is one remedy. All the passengers must disappear." He sighed: "I've not enough ammunition"

not know very much about it. I caught myself tasting the first mouthful of every dish with exaggerated suspicion, until I decided it was folly; there was nothing whatever I could do to prevent myself being drugged or poisoned, so I might as well enjoy the only sensual pleasure I had.

My guess at their methods was quite correct. I remember taking an afternoon nap after an excellent bottle of Rumanian wine. I woke up to find myself on a bunk in a long and very narrow cabin. It was three feet wide and twelve long, built—to judge by its slight curve—against the side of a ship within a false double skin. It was ventilated from a shaft and lit by electric light. A door at the far end led to a neat wash-basin and lavatory, and in the middle of the long inner wall was a sliding door, which was locked.

I could hear the ship's derricks working, so we were evidently still in port. I had arrived where I wanted to be. But never had I envisaged such cold efficiency. For a moment I panicked, but I controlled myself, and with deliberation pressed the bellpush above my bunk. Almost immediately the door of my cabin slid back, and an officer entered in the uniform of the mercantile marine.

"You feeling okay?" he asked in serviceable English.

I said I was, and congratulated him on the excellent arrangements for my embarkation.

"My cabin is full of straw from the crate," he said.

"Shall I help you to clear it up?"

HE laughed, delighted to find me so cooperative. "Very kind," he said, "but don't make a noise. No one knows you are here. Only me and the captain."

He beckoned me through the sliding door, and we passed out into his cabin through a wardrobe and between his hanging clothes. A dash for the outside? England and stand my trial? I decided against such berserk childishness. One is so much more likely to find safety by playing on human nature than by offering it violence.

I had come on board in a crate. The crate had been delivered to this officer's cabin, and removed after he had unpacked me. There were bits of straw all over the place. The officer bolted the door on the inside, and we swept them up with his clothes-brush and our fingers.

"When do we sail?" I asked.

"Any time now. You would like a drink, no?" He poured out a couple of stiff vodkas. "To the heroism of you and such as you!"

It was positively embarrassing. I replied modestly that I had only done my duty.

"What about exercise when we are at sea?" I suggested. "I don't want to spend a week down here."

"My orders are that you are not to be seen."

I replied that I would not insist, but that it did seem to me to be carrying security too far.

"I have orders," he repeated, putting on the proper face for orders, "to treat you with respect, so far as you will let me."

I emphasize the pleasant side of the man, because at the time it was uppermost in my mind. I had been expecting that my guard would turn out to be a tough egg with the gun on his hip barely hidden. This lively and impressionable officer was a surprise.

It was Saturday evening when we sailed. The beat of the engines appalled and condemned me. Even so, I did not wish to be Michael Bassoon again. I was weary of that oaf.

When the ship was lifting to more open water, my attendant turned up with a good, solid meal. I do not know how he accounted for it to cooks and stewards. They were probably conditioned not to ask questions.

He was pleased to see that I was a reasonably good sailor, and after dinner he invited me out into the more convenient space of his cabin. He locked the outer door and put the key in his pocket.

He was a Latvian. His name was Karlis, and he was a lieutenant of the M.V.D. Before the war he had been, he told me, a policeman in Riga—a specialist in port control—and always pro-Russian. After the occupation, Latvian police with reliable records had been encouraged to retain their jobs.

Because he spoke English and had made a number of voyages as ship's security officer, he had been chosen at the last moment and put on board at Riga with orders to be my escort on the return passage.

SOME time later, I brought up the question of exercise again and asked Lieutenant Karlis if he could not pass me off as a passenger. We were now on informal terms, and he gave me a better reason than mere orders.

"Impossible," he said. "There are passengers."

They were a mixed bag. Eight English. Two North Americans. An Indian and a West African. All tourists of varying shades of liberal thought. Their presence seemed to offer hope. I saw how I might be able to use them.

All I wanted for the moment were five minutes on deck while the passengers were about.

I plotted for my minutes by keeping Karlis up most of the night, and, next day, by forgetting to eat my lunch until he returned from his own. In order not to lose the pleasure of each other's company, we took my lunch into his stateroom and shared a carafe of vodka. I really laid myself out to entertain him, charming him with tales of Ecuador. He produced brandy to help my reminiscences after lunch, and again partook freely. After that he could hardly keep his eyes open.

"You have a nap," I suggested, "and I'll clear the tray out of the way."

Before he could get up, I walked through the wardrobe with the débris of my meal and pretended to slide home the door of my cabin behind me, clicking the latch with a finger.

He fell asleep almost at once. I gave him a few minutes, and then passed through his cabin, opened the outer door—I had so won his confidence that he no longer put the key in his pocket—and closed it silently behind me.

At the end of the alleyway was a flight of

I clung there, tossed by the waves. It didn't suit me a bit. The top of a buoy in the Thames Estuary is no place for a man of my temperament

stairs leading to the main deck. I took them swiftly, seeing no one. I found myself close to a companion which led to the promenade deck. From the top of it I saw a row of six deck-chairs with four passengers occupying them. That was what I wanted. I flopped down in an empty chair and wished them good afternoon.

They looked at me with some surprise, not having seen me before.

"Been upset by the sea?" asked one.

"A little," I answered. "I've been through a lot, you see. I am Howard-Wolferstan."

A chance to say those devastating four words was the sole object of all my deception of Karlis. If I could remain free long enough to repeat them to a few more passengers, so much the better.

They fairly jumped. Their deck-chairs creaked with horror.

A NORTH AMERICAN and his wife appeared from below and hesitated opposite to us. I had obviously taken one of their chairs. I got up and apologized.

"Well, say, it's Mr. . . . er . . ." replied the American, rightly convinced that he knew my face.

"Howard-Wolferstan."

As soon as I gave him my name, he knew who I was. His manners were equal to the shock. "That's very interesting," he said calmly, as he held out his hand. "Very interesting, indeed."

His wife's attractive eyelashes flapped with astonishment. She was one of those slim, long-legged, wide-shouldered beauties. She was wearing a long travelling cloak and hood, grey lined with scarlet, which gave her the theatrical gallantry of a young Hussar officer inspecting his vedettes. I made a mental note of that travelling cloak.

"*You* mustn't believe all you read in the papers," I told her.

She gasped that she would be very glad to listen to my viewpoint.

That made six who knew that Howard-Wolferstan was on board. Fortune presented me with a most useful seventh. He came breezing round the deck. He was that markedly independent politician, Elias Thomas Conger, and his face was familiar to me because I so profoundly disliked him.

I slapped him on the back and called him by his Christian name. When he had hopelessly committed himself—I was "old man" and "my dear chap" to him in less than half a minute—I told him who I was. He turned his back on me and fled without a word.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the captain approaching, so I bowed to the company and ran down to Karlis's cabin. He was still asleep, unconscious of the disaster which in a mere five minutes had changed his life.

I locked the outer door and returned through the wardrobe to my cabin. I lay down, and allowed the situation to develop without me.

It was seven in the evening when Lieutenant Karlis came bursting in on me. "You have been out?" he asked incredulously.

I SAID that I had several times told him I felt the need of fresh air and exercise, and added that I couldn't see it mattered. I was safe now, wasn't I?

"You are mad!" he cried. "I must send them a message what you have done. They can only give me one reply." He was touchingly distressed at the thought that he would have to shoot me or drop me overboard.

I assured him that whatever orders he got, my execution would not be among them. "You have twelve passengers on board," I said, "all knowing my face from photographs and all prepared to swear, when they get back to England, that I was on the ship."

"It does not matter what they say," he insisted wildly.

"But you must be very careful to point out the position, comrade. This question will go

Continued on page 36

You'll thrill to delicious new

NAVY BRAZILS

(says Edmundo Ros)

NAVY BRAZILS

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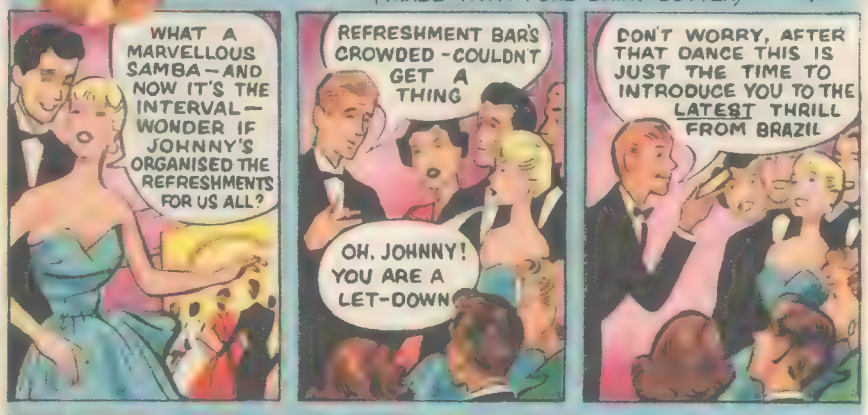
WHAT A MARVELLOUS SAMBA—AND NOW IT'S THE INTERVAL—WONDER IF JOHNNY'S ORGANISED THE REFRESHMENTS FOR US ALL?
REFRESHMENT BAR'S CROWDED—COULDN'T GET A THING
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Cullis rouses the Wolves

by WILFRED GREATOREX

With fiery pep-talks and scientific charts, Stanley Cullis drills his team into champions. Envious rivals say: "He's worth ten thousand fans"

ON a dull and rainy Saturday last October, a heavily muffled man followed the Wolverhampton Wanderers team to their dressing-room at Molyneux, beckoned captain Billy Wright, and started to explain the tactics they should use in the second half of their league game against West Bromwich Albion.

As manager, Stanley Cullis had watched Wolves take a one-goal lead by half-time. Friends sitting near him during the first half had noticed that Cullis, normally voluble and animated at such times, was not himself that day. In fact, he had influenza and was running a temperature of 101. They had persuaded him to go home. Cullis, however, had insisted on staying for his interval talk with the team. But he spoke only to Wright, and asked that the other players should not be told he was leaving.

On his way out, he left instructions at the club's general office for an assistant to telephone him if any more goals were scored. He drove home and went to bed. His wife, sitting in the stand, did not know he had gone, and a baby-sitter took the calls. There were three.

"It was the only time a telephone has sounded like music to me," says Cullis. "The boys got those three goals. If Albion had been scoring I doubt if the calls would have been put through."

Most Feared Side In The World

A tough, excitable worrier and disciplinarian of thirty-eight, with a pale, solemn face, a jutting jaw and a thrice-broken nose, Stanley Cullis has moulded the Wolves into what has recently been called "the most feared and famed footballing side in the world." He runs a temperature while watching them even when he is fit—he has been known to change his sweat-soaked shirt at the ground after a game—and keeps closer to Wolves matches than any man not actually on the playing pitch.

Nobody quite like him has ever been seen on the fringe of the football fields of Britain. "He plays every ball as if he were in the team," says Billy Wright. From the touchline, where he usually sits on the trainer's bench, he jumps, sways, urges Wolves into the attack with vivid gestures, bawls orders to the players, and covers his face with his hands and groans loudly when a Wolves player does anything to displease him. "He's worth ten thousand supporters to Wolves," says a rival clubman. "He *gives* all the time."

During the 1949 F.A. Cup Final, when Wolves met Leicester City, Cullis sat on the trainer's bench with Joe Gardiner. "He got so worked up," says Gardiner, "that he had me off the seat twice."

Cullis is inclined to react involuntarily with

In the dressing room, Cullis gives lectures on tactics. When Wolves met the Moscow club, Spartak, his interval talk inspired a 4-0 win

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

his feet, too. Jack Howley, the club secretary, recalls an afternoon when Cullis sat next to him in the stand. "For some weeks afterwards I had a scar on my leg where he kicked me."

A former Wolves and England captain and centre-half, Cullis admits that he finds it hard to be as calm today as he used to be as a player. "On the field you can do something about it if things are going wrong," he says.

His frustration off the field in such circumstances almost got the better of him once at Middlesbrough. Bert Williams, the Wolves goalkeeper, was hurt. After attention, he was still dazed and it seemed he would have to go off. Cullis told him to try to hold on. Almost immediately, a Middlesbrough forward aimed a long-range shot at the Wolves goal. "I doubt if Bert was in a fit state to see it," recalls Wolves outside-left, Jimmy Mullen. Suddenly, it was seen that the overcoated Cullis was standing near the goal.

"He seemed about to kick the ball out himself," says Mullen. "Fortunately, it passed just outside the post." This near-entry by a manager into a game has passed into club lore. "One step more, and it could have finished Stan in football," says a Wolves director.

Won Almost Every Honour

Cullis's passionate concern for football generally, and his own club in particular, has its main outlet at half-time during Wolves matches. He then reviews the team's tactics, opposition weaknesses, and calls the second half tune. He sternly rebukes players about any shortcomings, and if he considers that a man has not been pulling his weight he uses blistering language.

"He lets it rip," says Jimmy Mullen, "without ever swearing. I've never heard him use a bad word in eighteen years." Mullen, who has played twelve times for England, once turned out in a cup-tie at Blackpool in spite of an injured ankle. At half-time, Cullis complained forcefully about his play. "The ankle was no excuse. He laid into me for not pulling my weight."

When Wolves met the Russian club, Spartak, in a televised floodlit game last November, Cullis in his interval talk said they were set to lose the game unless they amended their play. Level 0—0 at that stage, they went out and scored four second-half goals to win. "Nobody," says club chairman James Baker, a seventy-year-old nurseryman in nearby Codsall, "can begin to estimate the effect of Stan's personality."

In his six and a half seasons as manager, Wolves have won just about every trophy and glory open to them. They won the Cup in his first season as manager—1948-49; narrowly missed the League championship the following year, and won it last season. They followed their win against Spartak with another against Honved, a Hungarian Army team nominated as the finest club side in the world.

"We Make Our Own Stars"

In an age when many football clubs are in the red, Wolves have some £225,000 in liquid assets realizable in forty-eight hours. Though some supporters feel that Cullis has reaped from the sowings of a former manager, Major Frank Buckley, who in eighteen years turned an overdraft into substantial assets and sold £160,000 worth of home-made players to other clubs, the Wolves are today actuarially better off than when Cullis took control. Profits have exceeded £20,000 in four of his completed seasons and reached £10,609 and £16,846 in the other two.

"Stan has kept going a policy, begun in the major's day, of finding and developing our own youngsters and building them into stars," says Baker. "Our strength hasn't been built on gate money."

Incoming transfer fees have continued well in excess of those paid out: in 1950 Wolves received £27,280 in fees and paid out £800, and in 1953 they were £38,225 to the good on player deals.

In spite of this lack of interest in other clubs' stars, Cullis is rarely satisfied with Wolves performances. Not long ago, when Cullis was heatedly discussing the side's shortcomings, Baker told him: "You'll never get eleven internationals in the team, and even if you did you wouldn't be satisfied."

Cullis admits that perhaps he expects too much from the players and that some of his remarks might have been better left unsaid or worded differently. But he continues to make Nelsonian demands of the team. He has had a large notice placed on the dressing-room wall with the message, "THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HARD WORK," and is outspoken when a player's actions do not suit him. He knows what it is like to be on the receiving end of criticism.

Rebuked By Major Buckley

As a centre-half—"the best England ever had," says vice-chairman Arthur Oakley, an England team selector—Cullis played in a league game for Wolves a few days after they had qualified for the F.A. Cup semi-final.

"We may have been preoccupied with the Cup," says Cullis. "At any rate, I knew I'd had a bad game. When I came off, Major Buckley came up and said, 'If you had not wanted to play today you could have stayed at home and read a book.'"

For all his toughness, Cullis is respected by Wolves players for what one of them calls "his utter fairness and honesty," and shows a genuine concern for their welfare. Since the war, the club has granted twenty-eight £750 benefits to five-year-service players, including reserves to whom clubs are permitted to scale down awards.

Cullis is also proud of the club's medical services, which include a staff physiotherapist. With the three trainers, Cullis keeps a sharp lookout for stresses and strains in players. One day he observed that Peter Broadbent was playing with his mouth open. He watched him more closely. Unknown to Broadbent, he called in a local photographer and asked him to take a series of pictures of Broadbent in action.

The prints confirmed Cullis's suspicions that he was not breathing properly. He took him to a Wimpole Street specialist, who diagnosed the trouble and gave Broadbent a two-year course of breathing exercises. "It worked," Cullis says. "His breathing—and his stamina—improved."

Trains With The Players

Cullis alone is responsible for team selection. At the weekly board meeting, usually on Wednesday nights, he lays his team sheet on the table and each of the five directors puts his point of view. Only once in the last seventy selections has Cullis's choice been queried.

Occasionally, he joins players in training "to keep fit in case I have to demonstrate rather than talk." He is usually in his office by 9.30 a.m. and goes through match analyses, notes from talent scouts, and reports on the performances of the 150 amateurs who, though on Wolves books, play for their own junior teams. Wolves' playing and financial policy stands or falls according to the development of these fifteen- and sixteen-year-old hopefuls, and Cullis has to keep a close check on them.

"Managing the Wolves is a nerve-racking job," says one clubman. "It will either make Stan Cullis into the greatest manager the game's ever known—or break him." Cullis knows what is expected of him and has experience of what one director calls "the discriminating palate of the Wolverhampton crowd." On his first day as captain of the team before the war, Wolves were beaten at home by Chelsea. Sore at the defeat, and at the recent transfer of Bryn Jones to Arsenal, the crowd chalked rude remarks on hoardings and uprooted the goalposts.

The chief constable urged someone from the boardroom to go and speak to them. Arthur Oakley, then chairman, went into the stand and as he took up his rostrum he was pelted with clods of earth. "I'd been warned of the crowd's mood," he recalls. "But I said I'd go up even if they had machine-guns."

Cullis offers advice as winger Johnny Hancocks man playing with his mouth open, Cullis sent

Oakley considers that Cullis has the courage, as well as the flair, the job requires. "He has his own ideas about the way things should be done—and thank God for that." It was Cullis who had the idea of putting Wolves into fluorescent shirts and shorts for floodlit games and who equipped the linesmen for the Honved game with flags illuminated with electric bulbs.

His most important innovation, however, is a detailed system of tactics geared to the strengths and weaknesses of opponents, the weather, and ground conditions. To aid him, Cullis uses graphs worked out by an R.A.F. officer, Wing Commander Charles Reep. His office is plastered with some of them, covering such games as Hungary v. England, England v. The Rest of the World, and Continental matches. They show the trend of a game in seven-and-a-half minute spells, shots at goal, scoring moves, and the number of long, short, square and back passes as well as errors which have led to goals.

With Reep, Cullis studies the game scientifically. "We apply time and motion study," he says. "From our observations we have formulated a pattern of tactics. A match chart of a Wolves game shows me how far the boys have conformed to it."

Wolves rely heavily on the long ball, and in any game they try to reach their opponents' penalty area a specified number of times and get in more shots than the other team. "We get the law of averages on our side." From one recent chart, Cullis concluded that an unnecessary back pass had led to a goal against Wolves. He brought it to the players' notice the following Monday. He uses films to make some tactical points and a friend with a ciné-projector comes in when Cullis needs him.

Cullis is often reminded that he will never get

is treated by a physiotherapist. When he saw one him for a two-year course of breathing exercises

At home, Mrs. Cullis looks on while her husband gives some soccer hints to the children. She usually sees Wolves' home games, and hopes they win. It makes the family weekend more carefree

perfection from eleven human beings. "I realize it can't be an exact science. But you've got to reach for the stars—it's better than drifting." He began reaching for the stars from an early age. "He was born with leadership in him," says Major Buckley, who signed Cullis as a professional. "He was determined all along to become famous in football. Nothing short of England's captaincy was his goal." The self-discipline this involved has left Cullis with a severe code of personal behaviour: he is still a teetotaller and non-smoker.

Born at Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, he first kicked a football when he was eight, and three years later became the youngest boy ever to play for his town team. Later, a grocer's boy, he played for Ellesmere Port Wednesday and took a lot of knocks against older and bigger men. At sixteen he was an assistant grocery manager and showing such promise as a footballer that his father was approached by several league clubs for consent to let him go for trial.

"When he's good enough," said Cullis senior, a native of Wolverhampton, "he'll play for Wolves." Cullis was more set on a journalistic career and was studying English and shorthand at night school. One Sunday afternoon, however, his father took him to Buckley's home in Wolverhampton. "He took one look at me," Cullis recalls, "and said, 'He can come straight away.'" Eight days later, Cullis reported for training.

Made Captain Of England

Within a month he was made captain of the "A" or third team. At eighteen he captained the reserves, at nineteen the first team, at twenty he won his first England cap, at twenty-one he played for the Football League, and at twenty-two he was captain of England.

Buckley handled him firmly on occasion. After being knocked out while playing, Cullis travelled north with Wolves the following Saturday for another league match. On the way, Buckley was asked by a director if Cullis was fit to play. "We'll find out in the dressing-room," said Buckley. On arrival, he imperiously beckoned the famous centre-half and asked if he was fit. Cullis demurred.

"Well, *are* you?" Buckley persisted. "I can get a better man to play in your place." Cullis said he was fit.

"Get changed, then," said Buckley. "I'll expect a full ninety minutes' game. No excuses."

Cullis, in his thirteen playing seasons, suffered such inevitable occupational ailments as bruises, cuts, concussions and pulled muscles, but in addition broke a big toe, his right leg, a shoulder and a cheekbone as well as his nose. "He never coasted," says a contemporary. "Even as captain he would let you have it if he thought you weren't pulling your weight. At the end of a hard match he looked as if he could go on for another hour and a half."

The war was a challenge to Cullis's fighting instincts. He volunteered for the South Staffordshire Regiment Territorials and was later posted —to his ultimate chagrin, for he wanted to get into a fighting unit—to the Army Physical Training Corps. As a staff sergeant in search of a football pitch, he called on the trustee of a playing field at Sunningdale and met an attractive secretary who thought it unusual that he should get paid for playing football. "She had only heard of Tommy Lawton," he says. He took her to watch him play as a guest with Fulham. Today, Winifred Cullis sees many Wolves home games and likes them to win because it makes the family weekend more carefree. They have a son, Andrew, aged six, and a two-year-old daughter, Susan Anne.

Outside football, Cullis's only major interest is reading. He studied French and Esperanto on long rail journeys, and mastered both, but nowadays he prefers biography and travel books and political history. "Sometimes," says Baker, "he'll sit reading on the way back from an away match, especially if we've done well. But more often than not we have a job keeping his mind off football. He *will* worry and take it out of himself."

Both Baker and Oakley make efforts to curb and calm Cullis for the good of his health. They persuaded him to try watching games from the directors' box and placed him between them. Even in this dignified environment, however, he shouted, fidgeted, leaned over at sharp angles —and now and then kicked out. The crowd below listened avidly to his comments.

After a while, the two directors felt they were quietening him a little, but Cullis's appearances in the stand seats have latterly fallen off. He is more often back on the touchline. He was there on the night of December 13 last year when Wolves met Honved before a crowd approaching 60,000 and a television audience of several million. At half-time, when Wolves were two down, Cullis hustled into the dressing-room and said: "You deserve to be level."

New Tactics Beat Honved

Nevertheless, he ordered a change of tactics. He told Wright to play deeper in defence and the wing-halves, Bill Slater and Ron Flowers, to try to cut down the passes from the Honved wing-halves to their inside forwards. "That's the move that's cutting us up," he said. Cullis turned to the three inside forwards and suggested that they should keep out of the mud in the middle and use the wings more. He urged the team to "match them for speed and energy."

After Wolves had scored three times in the second half to win 3—2, Cullis gave a press conference. "Where's the champagne, Stan?" quipped a newspaperman who noted that Cullis was drinking tea. Cullis saw no reason to break from his teetotalism, though he agrees even more firmly now, after a scientific study of the graph showing what happened in those vital forty-five minutes, that there was plenty to celebrate.

"Our second half tactics," he says, "were almost perfect—*almost*." THE END

"You've got what it takes—the uniform and the money. But you've got to play it big." That's what the boys had said when he came to London. This mess was the result

A YANK IN TOWN

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

TONTERVILLE IS TUCKED away right up on the borders of New York State, almost slipping over the edge into Vermont. It's an out-of-the-way place. A single-track railroad gets there eventually in an absent-minded fashion, and you might say it needn't have bothered, because there's nothing there when you arrive —just a whistle-stop with a shack for a station building, and then a country road running up to Tonterville itself, which is no more than a bunch of modest frame houses with a garage and a store or two.

Tonterville folk are contented enough, though. They don't hanker for what they haven't got, because, to their way of thinking, they've got everything. They don't hanker for the city. New York isn't so very far away, but not many of them have ever been there. They can't see why they'd want to.

They've got the stores they need, and if it's a question of anything special, there's always the mail-order catalogue. And as for amusing yourself, which is, anyway, all a city is really good for, they've got the Maple Saloon for the drinkers, in the Abraham Lincoln Memorial Hall there are movies twice a week and a dance now and then, and if anybody wants to eat out there's always Joe's Snax down on the interstate highway not five miles off. . . .

Young Eddie Johannson was born and raised in Tonterville. His pa and ma kept the hardware store there. The Johannsons were comfortably off, there being always a big call for hardware in a farming district.

It came about, therefore, that the first big city young Eddie had any experience of was London, England. To be sure, he changed trains in New York when they first got him for the draft, but that hardly counted. London was the first city he'd ever spent a night in.

By this time Eddie was a smart young Airman Third Class in the U.S.A.F. He came over with a big batch of other eighteen-year-olds, expecting to be stationed at one of the big American airfields in England. But the Air Force Command, noting his fresh face and clear blue eyes and country air, and with the perversity of all military commands, posted him to headquarters in the heart of London, not much more than a stone's throw from Piccadilly Circus.

Eddie wasn't happy. The city overwhelmed him and made him even more homesick than he would normally have been. He longed for the fields and the woods, the country folk and country manners of Tonterville, New York State.

He was a boy of good heart, though, and tried to make the best of things. He was a friendly soul, too, and got on well with his air force buddies.

The chief of these were Bud Steinweg, Waldo Bigelow and Larry Ascher. Like Eddie, these three were all Airmen Third Class, but unlike him they were all city slickers. Bud was from Chicago, Waldo was from Detroit, and Larry came from New Orleans. They had all been stationed in London some time when Eddie arrived, and out of the dregs of human kindness that still remained at the bottom of their sophisticated old metropolitan hearts they took it upon themselves to show Eddie his way around.

"It's a pretty good town," Bud told him. "Not Chi, maybe, but pretty good. You can have yourself quite a time here."

"You've got what it takes," Waldo said. "You've got the uniform and the money in your pocket. All you got to do is make 'em work for you."

"You got to play it big, though," Larry said. "Take girls." Larry was always taking girls. "You got to put on an act. You're in the big time, and you've got to let 'em know it. Don't act like a hayseed."

"There's a routine," Waldo said. "You'll find out as soon as you start meeting them. First of all they ask you where you're from, and you've got to tell 'em good. Tell them you're from New York, not Tonterville. Who the hell ever heard of Tonterville?"

"Then they ask you how you like it over here," Bud said. "And you say: 'I like it pretty good—now I've met you, baby!'"

Eddie smiled his shy country smile and said in his slow country voice: "I wasn't figuring on meeting any girls."

But he did. He met Mary Williams.

MARY had recently come to work in London. She had an Aunt Elsie who kept the Popular Café in Rowan Street, which is somewhere round the back of Oxford Street. Aunt Elsie had given her a "live-in" job as a waitress.

Aunt Elsie had a daughter, Sandra, a peroxided and much-made-up fifteen, just on the edge of leaving school. Sandra was mad about boys, and lost no time in briefing Mary about them.

"There's some American boys come in here sometimes," she said. "They like Ma's apple-pie. They're nice. Well off, too, and free with their dough. They're the ones you want to get to know. They'll give you a good time."

Mary said: "I wouldn't know what to say to them."

"You needn't worry about that," Sandra said. "All you've got to do is ask them where they're from and how they like it over here, and then you suddenly find yourself getting on like a house on fire."

"Oh," Mary said. "I don't really think I'm interested."

And she wasn't. Not until Eddie came in.

He came in one evening with Bud and Waldo and Larry. He sampled the apple-pie they'd told him about, and he couldn't help noticing the girl that served it. She was nice to look at, she was quiet and gentle, an there was a sort of country freshness about her.

AND the result was that Eddie started dropping in at the Popular Café pretty often, sometimes with the others and sometimes alone. Occasionally he got the chance of a word or two with Mary when there wasn't anyone else around. All he said was: "The pie was good tonight," and Mary said: "I'm glad you liked it," or something like that, but Eddie always felt better when he went back to his quarters.

Sandra wasn't so keen on Eddie. "He's simple," she said. "I don't like him as much as the others. I wish that Bud would come in more."

But Mary thought Eddie was nice—and nice-looking, too. She liked his fair hair, and his clear, blue eyes which looked at you honestly. And his kind mouth.

At last the inevitable happened. Eddie, blushing furiously, asked Mary if she'd go out with him on her night off, and Mary said she would.

It was a mixed sort of evening. There was a wonderful thrill about being with each other, but all the same they weren't happy. At least, Mary wasn't. The trouble was that instead of going to the pictures and perhaps having a coffee or a milk-shake afterwards, which she would have liked—and which Eddie would have liked, too—Eddie remembered Larry's advice about playing it big and took Mary to a smart bar, where she had to sit among a lot of smart people.

She hadn't even known what to ask for when Eddie asked her what she'd like to drink, and had told him a little wildly she would leave it to him. Eddie hadn't known what to ask for either, and had told the waiter to give him what a woman at the next table had got, which

Continued on page 29

Eddie felt hopeless. He just didn't know how to give a girl a good time. "Another drink?" he asked despairingly. Mary repressed a shudder

Science looks in with a magic eye

by JOHN HARMAN

Henry McGhee's television cameras explore mystery and danger which baffle man. His screens can trap thieves, hunt whales, and search for sunken gold

When he demonstrates how TV enables groups of medical students to watch operations, McGhee always has two cameramen—"in case one faints"

LAST SUMMER, when one of the world's biggest whaling ships, the Balaena, was about to sail for the Antarctic, Henry McGhee, a television engineer, called at her berth at Hebburn-on-Tyne.

The tough Norwegian skipper, who had asked him to make the visit, explained that even though last year's catch had been 2,600 whales —worth about £3 million in margarine oil and other products—he felt that he could have done better. The problem was one of delay.

Owing to the shortness of the whaling season, a smooth turn-round of the catcher boats while at sea is essential to speed their return to the hunt. When they discharged their catch, close under the stern of the factory ship, Balaena, it was impossible for the skipper to keep an eye on them from the bridge.

McGhee solved the difficulty with an installation which is probably the only one of its kind afloat. He put a TV receiver on the bridge, and linked it by cable to a camera fixed at a vantage point on a deck aft. The screen gave a clear, wide-angle picture of the stern of the ship. The captain could then direct operations without moving from his bridge.

"On his voyage south," says McGhee, "he found a novel use for the gear. The screen was his 'driving mirror' while he did some tricky navigation backwards up a fiord."

Aircraft Firm Was Worried

In recent months McGhee, an eager, twenty-six year old Scot, has visited dockyards, airfields, factories and atomic research stations to show how TV can be applied to industry. He recommends it for any job which is too dangerous, hot, dark or inaccessible to be seen directly with the human eye.

All these considerations came into his first assignment, which spurred him into designing a small camera for industrial use.

A famous firm of aircraft makers, worried by high-altitude flying, wanted to know if ice formed inside engine nacelles and would damage the engines. A TV camera, they thought, would provide the answer—if they could find one small enough.

"The idea seemed impossible at the time," says McGhee. "Hitherto, TV had been a complex affair, needing a large camera, strong lights and a special power supply." Nevertheless, by cutting down the number of valves and using a small but extra-sensitive pick-up tube which could "see" in semi-darkness, he and his team of engineers produced a camera ten inches long, five inches high and five inches wide, which fitted inside a nacelle and ran off the aircraft's

On a monitor set, a girl sees the picture which McGhee is taking of her, with an industrial camera. Such cameras cost £640 each, against £3,000 for a studio model

An underwater camera of a type which McGhee helped to design found the wreckage of a Comet airliner off Elba

power system. A screen in the plane's cabin gave a view during flight which could not have been obtained by any other means.

At gun ranges, where his cameras have helped the study of ballistics, and at atom plants, where they have probed inside atomic piles, McGhee has delivered his equipment—and been escorted off the premises.

Among the few clients who have tolerated publicity were a firm making jet engines. McGhee installed a camera in the test beds at their factory in Scotland.

For years, the risk of explosion while testing new engines, plus the high-frequency noise and vibration, had kept the firm's technicians at a safe distance. The TV camera allowed them to make close inspections without risk.

When the factory was officially opened, McGhee handled the occasion with showmanship. He turned the test beds into a studio and presented a programme, with a girl announcer. His pictures were transmitted to the company's main building, two miles away, where the ceremony was held, and several hundred guests saw the first engine go into action.

Then he packed his camera into a car, drove to a lunch which followed the ceremony, and televised speakers at the top table so that people in another room could see them.

Pictures To Help Firemen

Before leaving Scotland, McGhee demonstrated more uses for his gear. At a fire service exercise in Glasgow, he showed how a mobile camera, taken to a fire, could flash pictures to headquarters to give the control room staff an immediate indication of the size of the blaze.

More than a hundred industrial cameras made by McGhee's firm—Pye, Ltd.—are in use in Britain and countries abroad, including Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. They cost about £640, compared with £3,000 for the larger models in B.B.C. studios. Running expenses average seven shillings an hour, compared with £3 an hour for studio cameras.

McGhee finds that in Britain most industrial companies have yet to be convinced that TV can help them. Clients so far have been firms such as instrument makers, who use it to transmit drawings from one office to another, and a store, which has bought a camera so that TV sets in a radio showroom can be kept working, between the times of B.B.C. transmissions, with shots of mannequin parades in its dress salon.

Enthusiasm for television has come particularly from medical men, who value it as a medium of instruction. When doctors wanted some spastic children to perform exercises at a conference, they felt that the children would be self-conscious if faced with an audience. "I rigged up a studio in a room adjoining the conference hall," says McGhee. "The children did the exercises there quite happily, and the audience watched them on a row of screens."

At demonstrations in hospital operating theatres, where TV enables large numbers of students to watch operations, he always takes two cameramen—"in case one of them faints."

Last year, a camera of a type which McGhee has helped to design identified a Comet airliner as it lay in 402 feet of water off Elba, in the Mediterranean. An Admiralty frigate trawled the camera at four knots, while Ben Coleman, the firm's engineer in charge of underwater television, watched a monitor set on deck.

A dramatic moment in the search occurred when a woman's face filled the screen. "It was a statue, which had probably come from a shipwreck," says Coleman. "The shimmering light from a floodlamp made it seem alive."

Although TV can help fishermen—an American plans to locate fish with it, and pump them to the surface—the chief rôle of underwater cameras may be in salvage operations. Coleman has installed one in a treasure-hunt ship, which has sailed for a South Pacific island where gold worth £5 million is thought to lie in a wreck.

McGhee, who is married and lives near his firm's Cambridge factory, was born at Paisley, the son of a minister. At thirteen, he built a radio set and fixed it on his bicycle. He thought of being a ship's engineer, but decided on a career in television after winning honours at a technical college.

When the firm decided that three-dimensional television would provoke interest at an exhibition due to start the following week, McGhee's team of TV designers worked day and night making a prototype camera.

A visionary, he anticipates the time when TV-telephones, which he has also demonstrated at an exhibition, will be available for pre-booked calls between towns. Colour TV, he says, has great possibilities in surgery.

He is currently trying to persuade Scotland Yard that by using the B.B.C. television transmitters, outside normal programme hours, they could flash pictures of wanted men to police stations throughout the country.

Caught By Hidden Camera

In the United States, where portable television has been named "the creepie-peepie," it has already been used to combat crime. When a factory discovered that components were being stolen at a certain point on an assembly line, the works manager watched by means of a hidden TV camera. Suddenly, a foreman's movements aroused suspicion. A hoard of missing items was later found at his home.

A London dance hall intends using TV for watching valuables left on tables round the floor, so that petty thieves can be caught in the act. But a big store which at one time planned to use cameras to cut its losses from shoplifting—thousands of pounds a year—now hesitates to install them. "It is feared that customers might feel spied upon," says McGhee.

A shock awaited a salesman employed by McGhee's firm who tried to convince a jewellery shop manager that TV could tighten security. The manager listened patiently while it was explained how cameras concealed in cornices could follow the movements of every customer, and allow one man at a control panel to survey the entire premises.

Then he smiled and said: "We've done it for years—by a system of mirrors." THE END

A tense new Inspector Chafik story—the case of

The woman of Baghdad

by ***CHARLES B. CHILD***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

ON A DAY THAT had ended prematurely for the city of Baghdad in the blood twilight of a dust storm, a boy burst into a neat house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings and announced, "Father, my father, I have seen a murdered corpse!"

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Chafik J. Chafik.

"Father, it was at the Bayt Kamil Hadi. There is a garden behind a big wall and I heard a woman scream and I climbed a tree and looked and she was there, the lady of the house, El Sitt Rejina and one of her brothers held her—the bearded one, Jamil—and the drunk one, Ibrahim, had a spade. The dead one was on the ground. I know he was dead because his head was twisted."

"God the Merciful!" exclaimed Inspector Chafik's wife, who had just come into the room. "A boy—to see such horror——"

Inspector Chafik had to force himself to his duty. "Be silent, Leila. Let the witness complete his lies."

"Stories, yes, not necessarily lies. Have understanding, my man! Children live in a world of make-believe."

Tears gathered in Faisal's eyes, and he cried, "I did see what I said I saw! And I know the dead one—Zaki Attala——"

Chafik rarely had to consult a dossier. He referred to the filing cabinet of his memory and quoted, "Attala, Zaki. Related to Rejina and her brothers. A third cousin. Age, twenty-six. Married. From Basra."

Faisal interrupted eagerly. "The old woman, his cousin, is rich, and all Baghdad knows Zaki was going to get a divorce and marry her."

"Enough!" shouted Chafik.

He, too, had heard the scandal, for the gossips of Baghdad never tired of discussing Rejina and her brothers. They were the children of a rich merchant who had expressed his displeasure with the sons by willing his estate to the daughter. She had never married, nor permitted her brothers to marry.

The mother turned to her husband. "He doesn't mean to be naughty," she pleaded.

Chafik pronounced judgment: "The seat of our son's naughtiness is the mind. It would be unjust to apply the rod to his other seat, which is innocent. Therefore, I have decided to use psychology and confront him with his nebulous evidence. Wife, get me my shoes."

At the door of the Bayt Kamil Hadi, Chafik rang again and again. Finally, the grey-bearded Jamil Hadi came and asked indignantly, "Do you think us all dead?"

Chafik remembered he had a delicate mission, and his salaam was profound as he introduced himself. "I come not as a policeman, but as a father."

He was not sure, but thought Jamil Hadi was relieved. Chafik went on to relate Faisal's tale of a nightmare and was careful not to name names.

The other brother had come to the door. This one, Ibrahim, had the face of an alcoholic. At first he was inattentive; then he pressed the palms of his hands together and exclaimed, "The boy said it happened here? Oh, Compassionate One! If our sister should hear!"

He drew close to Jamil, and the two middle-aged men stood in a conspiracy of fear, peering back into the courtyard of the old house.

Jamil said slowly. "It would be a kindness not to disturb our sister, but if you must——"

"I am not here as a policeman," Chafik reminded him. "Where is Zaki Attala? He was my son's vision of a corpse."

Ibrahim began to laugh, but Jamil cut in sharply, "Now this is ridiculous!"

He left his brother to guard the door and went away, returning with a young man, at whose appearance Faisal cried out and buried his face in his father's coat.

"The same man," the boy said, in a muffled voice. "He was dead. They were burying him."

Chafik turned to Zaki who said mockingly, "Take a dead man's word for it, it's all true about paradise. Black-eyed houris, flowing wine——"

CHAFIK remembered his position and checked a retort. Humbly, he asked permission to take Faisal into the garden. "I must convince him there is no grave," he explained.

They went through a cloister and Faisal snatched his hand from his father's and ran ahead. "Here! Here they buried him!" He stamped on a spot beneath a fig tree.

The sandy ground had been long unspaded.

"He has visions," Ibrahim said. "I, too, sometimes have them." He put a hand to his mouth to stop a giggle.

The inspector struggled with his pride and, at the house door again, he humbled himself. "Be merciful and forgive," he begged. "My son does not really tell lies. It is his imagination."

Jamil said unpleasantly, "I advise you, take a stick to that boy." He slammed the door.

Chafik stared at it, his face choleric. Then he vented his anger on the violence of the dust storm. He wrapped his coat around his son and they started along the river bank. But after a few paces, the inspector whipped around suddenly. In the brief life of a brilliant lightning flash, he saw a man sheltering in a grove of date palms opposite the doorway of the Bayt Kamil Hadi. The image was fixed as on a photographic plate portrait of an ordinary, middle-aged man, with a fringe of beard.

When Chafik showed her the gun, she became h

Chafik said, "Stay!" and went running, but found nobody. Returning to his son, he said, "Imagination. Yet I'd swear I saw. . . ."

They went on and at last reached the house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings.

On the way to his office the next day, Chafik told his assistant, Sergeant Abdullah, of Faisal's story.

"Ah, how blessed I am with daughters!" exclaimed the sergeant. "They do not climb trees and suffer hallucinations!"

Chafik said defensively, "Imagination, not hallucination. Furthermore, from the top of a date palm, at that height——"

He stopped. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "To understand his illusion I must view the scene from Faisal's perch. Turn the car."

The sergeant made a turn, and they drove

erical. "No! No! No!" she screamed. Seizing the basket of fruit, she dashed it to the ground. "I will take nothing—nothing from that woman!"

back down Mansoor Avenue. Another turn brought the Bayt Kamil Hadi into sight at the end of a dirt road. On the fringe of the grove was a tree overlooking the garden.

The slant of the tree helped climbing, but half-way up Chafik paused for breath and told himself that a man past forty should not climb trees.

He went on and at last reached the feathery crown.

In the foreground he saw the spot in the garden where he had stood with Faisal. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. All at once he was cold in the sun.

Where there had been nothing yesterday there was now a long, narrow mound.

In haste, he got down and went running towards the house. The door was ajar, and Chafik did not wait to ring. He stumbled through flower beds and bushes, followed by Abdullah, and prayed that what he had seen would prove a mirage. The prayer was not answered.

He fell to his knees and began to dig feverishly. The soil was light and sandy, and scraped away easily. The cold face of Zaki Attala was exposed.

A pleasant voice asked anxiously, "Zaki is there?"

"Yes," Chafik answered absently.

"I am relieved."

Awareness came, and the inspector got up hastily; a woman stood at the graveside. She was tall and angular and old, and dressed for youth. Her hair was brightly hennaed under a black silk scarf.

Chafik had never met the matriarch of the House of Hadi, but Rejina had been aptly described by Baghdad gossips. She was said to be haunted by strange spirits.

"Madame," he said, "why are you relieved that Zaki should be in this grave?" He added sharply, "I am the police."

Rejina answered, "Of course. I sent Jamil for you. And surely it is natural to be relieved that the poor young man has not left his grave? The dead should stay dead." Her voice was quiet and her eyes were calm.

Sending Sergeant Abdullah to telephone, Chafik returned to Rejina. She had picked some arum lilies. The flowers were nursed in the crook of her arm and she was caressing them with her rouged cheek, like a mother a child.

"The boy was charming," she said. "You must bring him to me."

He asked, "What boy, madame?"

She said, obviously surprised by his stupidity, "You brought him here yesterday. I saw from my window. Such a pretty boy." A flame flickered in the mirrors of her eyes, and when

Chafik swung round to the door. The wild-looking man pushed Ibrahim aside and was levelling a gun at the boy. "That hell-brat!" he shouted

it passed they were warm with tenderness. Chafik felt compassion and looked away.

"You mean my son?"

"Bring him to me," Rejina pleaded.

Her smile was sweet, and the inspector resisted an impulse to bow over her hand.

"Why does my son interest you?" he said. Did you overhear my conversation with your brothers?"

"I do not eavesdrop," Rejina said coldly. And then she went on, "The boy came twice. The first time he climbed a tree to look in my garden. That was naughty. Suppose he——" Suddenly she let the flowers fall and cried out: "Oh, he saw! What horror! His innocent mind!"

The inspector shuddered. "He saw what?" he demanded.

"That they were burying our cousin."

"They? Who?" He took Rejina by the shoulders.

She freed herself with dignity. "My brothers," she said; and then added with faint surprise, "Surely you knew they killed Zaki?"

He tried to reassure himself; I deal in facts, he told himself. I will not let a boy and a moon-mad woman confound the evidence of my eyes. I saw Zaki alive.

He lighted a cigarette and asked casually, "Why did they kill him?"

"Like so many others, he fell in love with me. He wanted to marry me."

A delusion, Chafik thought, and asked, "You refused him?"

"What else? I was flattered, but he has a wife, Naomi. A child, very simple and desperately in love with this deceiver. Besides, whatever my charms, I was a little old for him." Suddenly the rouged face was beautiful. "And another thing. This Naomi has a child in her womb. I will have her live with me—the least I can do, considering her man was killed because of me."

Chafik was lost. It was difficult to deal with a mind that one moment winged in the clouds and the next was earth-bound. He said brusquely, "I am a policeman. I want facts."

"It was simple enough," she said. "They quarrelled with Zaki about me. They forced me to my room and killed him—I heard the shot—and I broke out and found them about to bury him. Jamil took me back to my room and locked me in. I do not know which one killed Zaki, but surely it was Jamil. Ibrahim is not a violent man."

"Where is Ibrahim?"

"Poor foolish one. He has taken refuge in the bottle."

Rejina led Chafik into the house and along a corridor to a bedroom where Ibrahim lay sleeping fully dressed. There was yellow mud on his shoes and he smelled strongly of *arak*. Chafik opened a window.

"You said Jamil has gone to the police, madame? To confess?"

"That one will confess to nothing! He had the temerity, this morning, to deny he had killed Zaki or buried him. He was so convincing that I—I——" She stopped, her luminous eyes wide.

Chafik was moved by pity, for he knew she was afraid, and why. Hastily, he led her to safer ground: "When was Zaki killed?"

"When I heard the shot, my clock had just chimed five."

Now it was the inspector's turn to doubt his sanity, for nearly an hour later he had come to the Bayt Kamil Hadi with Faisal and seen Zaki alive. He shouted: "Impossible!"

"You will remember your place," Rejina said in the voice of a great lady. "I have been very patient with you. The hour was five." She veiled herself and went away. At the top of the stairs, she stopped, and Chafik saw she had had another mercurial change of mood.

"Do not forget to bring the pretty boy," she said.

They dug up the body, and, later, Sergeant Abdullah came and said in his business voice, "Sir, the corpse is identified as Zaki Attala. He had a bullet between the eyes. The gun is missing. It rained when he was buried, his clothes are wet, and it ceased to rain at midnight. Therefore, he was buried——"

"Yesterday," Chafik said. "Always I am haunted by yesterday. Bring Jamil to me."

He interviewed Jamil in the salon which he had requisitioned for the inquiry. "Tell me what happened after I left last night," Chafik said.

"After you left, Zaki said he had to go home."

"What was the time?"

"Nearly seven."

"And why did Zaki risk the storm?"

Jamil hesitated. "He was concerned about his wife."

"Concerned? And yet he was prepared to divorce her?" The inspector's smile was unpleasant. "Continue please, Mr. Hadi."

Jamil fingered his beard. "The story is delicate. Ibrahim was drunk, lying here in the salon, and my sister was in her room. Storms disturb her. I had gone to the kitchen and I heard a shot. I found Zaki in the cloister near the house door. He was dead. The door was open and outside I saw——"

"A man," Chafik said, "with a fringe of beard."

Jamil turned up the palms of his hands. "All things are known to you," he said.

"That should be said only of Allah," the inspector said gruffly. "Who was he?"

"Aziz Chelebi of Basra, Zaki's father-in-law. He cried out—I think it was, 'No, no!'—and he ran."

"And?"

"I followed and lost him. Then I went to find a telephone and report to you, but our line was down. Then I was worried about my sister perhaps finding the body, so I came back." Jamil's round eyes reflected horror. "There was no body," he whispered.

Chafik was incredulous. "Eh? Zaki buried himself?"

"I told you Ibrahim was very drunk. He

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No doors stay locked for William Oliver

by JACK ATACK

When locks jam or keys are lost, Oliver breaks in. He rescues people trapped in rooms and salvages jewels from boxes. Once, only fast talking saved him from arrest—as a burglar

ONE MORNING LAST SUMMER, William Oliver, a locksmith, hurried from his London office to a waiting police car. A woman had locked herself in a West End flat and was threatening to throw herself from a fifth-floor window if anyone entered. Police could not force the door for fear of alarming her by the noise.

Shown to the room by the frightened owner, Oliver put his ear to the door and began to pick the lock quietly as police carried on a conversation with the woman inside. When he heard the lock click open, he threw wide the door and the police grabbed the woman before she realized what had happened.

"A locksmith needs more than technical knowledge to carry out his job," says Oliver. "He must understand what lies behind a locked door and act accordingly."

In the past twenty-two years, Oliver has officially picked thousands of locks of every type and size in a fifty-mile radius of London. He has opened locked doors, steel boxes, trunks, suitcases, cabinets, jewellery cases and old sea chests, and rescued people from locked offices, flats, shops and vaults.

In the process, he has learned to accept violence and insult as professional risks. "Meddling with locks," he says, "is equivalent to meddling with people's privacy."

Tenants Hurled Flat-irons

While changing the locks of a second-floor flat recently, Oliver was chased downstairs by two evicted tenants who pitched flat-irons and hammers at him. Another evicted tenant watched with mounting rage as Oliver changed the lock of his flat. Eventually he grabbed Oliver by the collar and demanded the keys.

To eliminate such hazards, Oliver insists on written permission before starting a job. He also prefers his client to accompany him. "I've been offered fabulous prices by strangers to make keys from impressions on wax or cakes of soap. Naturally, I have to decline."

An energetic, chubby-faced Londoner of thirty-six, Oliver often finds himself at the centre of disputes. "There are usually two forces operating on a locksmith. People who want the door unlocked and those who want it shut."

Once he is satisfied that his client is in the right, Oliver may open a lock with a skeleton key or a lock pick. To pick a lock, he inserts a strip of steel with a key attachment on one end, then twists it until it grips the movement.

In more difficult cases the door may be forced

Oliver picks a lock for a housewife who has lost her key. "There is no unbeatable way of locking up," he says. "Any door can be forced"

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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"They didn't have any red thread, so I bought an ice-cream"

with a jemmy. "Usually, when people want to get at something behind a locked door, they're in a hurry," he says.

Oliver was once called to help a singer in a West End theatre after she lost the key to her jewellery box. He opened it and handed over her pearls just as she was to go on stage.

Frequently, trouble occurs when people lock up their flats and offices and leave for a holiday. Water seeped through the ceiling of one locked flat, finally bringing the plaster down, after a tank in the room above had overflowed. Oliver was called to open the doors to the tank room and save other flats from a flooding. When a business man locked his office on Christmas Eve and left for a holiday, he assumed that his partner had gone. The man was only next door. Oliver was called in to rescue his turkey, drinks and presents.

Although there are unpickable locks, Oliver admits that there is no unbeatable way of locking up. "A door can always be forced."

Not long ago he had reason to doubt the value of unpickable locks. After a club had been burgled three times in a fortnight, he put on nine unpickable locks and promised the manager that no one could get in without making a noise. Later, he read in the newspapers that the club had been robbed of £5,000 in wines, spirits and cigarettes.

"The locks weren't at fault," he says. "The thieves were waiters who had hidden on the premises before the manager locked up at night."

Burglars In Flat

Burglars cause a high percentage of Oliver's work. Once, when he discovered a door locked from the inside, he acted quickly. He turned to his client, a man who had lost the key to his fourth-floor flat in Edgware Road. "Either the catch jumped up when you shut the door or you've got a burglar in there," he said.

The man peered through his letter box and saw two men collecting their loot. Oliver posted a guard at the flat door, ran downstairs with his client and hurried around to the fire escape. "We were just in time to see the burglars disappearing."

Burglars are liable to have more difficulty with up-to-date locks than with those of an older, more elementary pattern. One lock often used nowadays on bank premises must be opened by three keys. One key is given to the manager, one to the chief clerk and one to a cashier, and all must be present to open the lock.

Carrying no more than an ordinary business card for identification, Oliver may himself be mistaken for a burglar. Once he was highly embarrassed when he accompanied a client to change locks at a dress shop in Tooting. As expected, they set off a burglar alarm. Unexpectedly, his client could not find the switch for turning it off. "When the police arrived we were dashing around looking for it," he says. "We had to do some pretty fast talking."

In his career—he served a six-year apprenticeship making locks before specializing in outside jobs—Oliver has also learned a little psychology. Not long ago a man called him to rescue a passport from a locked trunk just before his plane left London. In a few minutes the trunk was open and the man was rummaging through the contents. After a frantic search he discovered the passport in one of his suitcases. "If something is locked," says Oliver, "people immediately think there are valuables inside."

Corpse In Cupboard

Experience, however, can never prepare a locksmith for what he may find behind a locked door. While checking locks at one hospital, a colleague of Oliver's opened a door—and found a corpse. It was a specimen used by students. Oliver himself once opened the door of a room in a dark and musty basement and saw five giant spiders swaying in the draught. As he backed away, his girl client screamed, dropped her torch and ran upstairs for help. "That key was lost purposely," says Oliver. "The papier mâché spiders were a practical joke on the girl, and I was an innocent victim."

He says that his clients do not always appreciate his efforts. "A locksmith may spend minutes picking a lock so that he can open a door without damaging it, charge seven and sixpence and be roundly abused by his client for overcharging," he says. "On the other hand he can force a door with a jemmy, splinter the frame, charge three pounds and his client thinks he has really got something for his money."

When clients show ingratitude, Oliver takes prompt action. Not long ago he was closing up shop when a woman phoned to say she had lost the key of her flat. Oliver hurried over, picked the lock quickly and charged his usual fee. His client said that he had no right to charge so much for only a few minutes' work. "While she was gathering up her shopping on the doorstep, I slammed the door shut and hurried off," he says. "I left her to figure it out for herself." THE END

A YANK IN TOWN

Continued from page 21

landed Mary up with a gin and french.

They didn't seem to have anything in common, and the evening looked like being a terrible flop. Mary sat with a fixed smile on her face, feeling wretched and searching for something to say. And at last, in desperation, she dredged up Sandra's little catechism.

"Where are you from?" she asked Eddie brightly. Too brightly.

Eddie started. He very nearly said Tonterville. It was touch and go, but he stopped himself just in time. Instead, he said: "Oh—New York, I guess." And it was partly true. He'd only left off the "State."

Mary said: "It's a wonderful city, isn't it?"

"Quite a place—I guess."

"And how do you like it over here?"

"Oh, pretty good." And Eddie swallowed hard. He knew what came next—*Now I've met you, Baby.* But he couldn't say it, because by now that was the way he'd really begun to feel about Mary.

And that was as far as they got. Mary smiled helplessly at Eddie. Eddie smiled helplessly back. Then they both looked away. Eddie felt hopelessly inadequate. He just didn't know his way around like Bud and the others. He didn't know how to give a girl a good time, and he was sure Mary was bored.

"Another drink?" he asked despairingly.

Mary repressed a shudder. She said: "Thank you very much."

But the other drink didn't help. Amid all the bright, smart chatter in the garish, neon-lit room they both sat tongue-tied, the springs of inspiration completely dry.

They continued going out together every Thursday evening, which was Mary's night off, but things got steadily worse. Mary was worried because she wasn't nearly smart enough for Eddie, and Eddie was worried because he could see Mary wasn't happy, and thought it was because he wasn't giving her a good enough time.

In his extremity, Eddie consulted his friends.

"Well," Bud said, "if you're really struck on the girl and she's playing hard to get, you'd better dazzle her with a few brighter lights and spend a bit more dough on her."

"Take her somewhere really ritzy," Waldo suggested. "Try that little place in Dover Street—the Cuban Club. Costs you a week's pay to get through the door."

"Buy her a few things," Larry advised him. "Get her some nylons. You can't go wrong with nylons."

BUT you could. Eddie got Larry to buy him six pairs of the sheerest and most expensive nylons he could find, and gave them to Mary, and Mary, thinking they were a hint that Eddie thought her best grey coat and the rest of her get-up shabby and that he was ashamed of her, promptly bought herself a new coat and borrowed one of Sandra's exotic lipsticks.

When Eddie called for her the following Thursday, he was so staggered by the smartness of Mary's appearance that instead of asking her to go for a quiet walk in the park with him that evening, as he'd been nerving himself to do, he took her to the Cuban Club where he spent twice as much on her as he'd ever done before, and where they were both twice as miserable.

In the end, Mary knew it wasn't any use going on. She simply couldn't keep up with Eddie. She just wasn't the smart, sophisticated type, and she knew she never could be. What was more, she had come to hate London and everything to do with it. Coming to work there had been an adventure, but it hadn't worked out. She'd never really taken to the city's artificial way of life, and the way she'd failed Eddie finally proved to her that she didn't belong there.

She didn't really belong at the Popular any longer either, for Sandra had left school now and was itching to start work in the café, and there wasn't room for two waitresses. So, all in all, it seemed to Mary that the best thing she could do would be to go home.

When she realized that, a great wave of wretchedness about Eddie overwhelmed her, followed by another great wave of homesickness, and she wrote Eddie an unhappy little note which said *"I'm sorry, but I shan't be seeing you any more, because I'm having to go away."* Then, after crying on Aunt Elsie's shoulder and making her promise not to tell where she'd gone if anyone should happen to ask, she packed her bags and caught a train for home.

When he got Mary's note, Eddie was terribly cut up, but not terribly surprised. She'd seemed to be getting more and more bored with him for a long while past. He guessed that where smart girls like Mary were concerned he was just dumb. Any girls, if it came to that.

Eddie decided he was through with girls.

ALL the same, he couldn't stop himself dropping in at the Popular now and then on the chance that he might hear word of Mary. He didn't ask where she'd gone, because he didn't think he had a right to—she would have told him if she'd wanted him to know. And though Sandra was itching to tell him, she didn't dare, because her mother had told her she'd feel the flat of her hand if she did.

Aunt Elsie felt tempted to let Eddie feel the flat of her hand, too, because, the way she saw it, Eddie was just a smart young Yank who had been trifling with a nice girl's affections.

But then there came an evening when there was nobody in the Popular except Eddie and Aunt Elsie. And Aunt Elsie couldn't help noticing how woebegone the boy looked. The sight of him sitting all alone up in a corner touched her kind heart so much that she went over to talk to him.

"You're not looking your usual bright self tonight, Eddie," she said. "What's happened to your pals?"

"They've gone dancing."

"Well—why didn't you go?"

Eddie sighed. He said: "I'm afraid, ma'am, I'm not much of a one for that sort of thing."

Aunt Elsie looked at him sharply. She said: "I thought you were such a boy for having a good time. Mary always said you were."

Eddie said gloomily: "That was the trouble. I tried to give her a good time, but it didn't work. I suppose I'm just not the good-time kind."

Then he started telling Aunt Elsie all about it. Lonely, homesick and unhappy, he unburdened himself of his troubles to this motherly aunt of Mary's. And Aunt Elsie was astonished, because this was pretty much the story that Mary had sobbed out on her shoulder.

She let Eddie have his say out, and then she exclaimed: "Well, I don't know—if that doesn't beat the band!"

Eddie looked up at her in a lacklustre sort of way. "Ma'am?" he said politely.

"But that's just what Mary told me!" Aunt Elsie had to sit down at the table—she just couldn't get over it. "She said you liked smart places and smart people; said it was only natural, seeing that you came from New York. But she said she didn't like that sort of life and knew she never could, and that's why she left London and went home."

Eddie was bewildered. He said: "But I don't understand. She's a London girl, isn't she?" Mary had told him her parents lived "just outside" London, and he'd got the idea her home was in the suburbs.

"She comes from a little village, in Essex," Aunt Elsie said. "Three houses and a pub."

"But she never told me that!" Eddie protested. "Everything would have been all right if only she'd told me she was a country girl."

"Well—what did you tell her?" Aunt Elsie retorted. "A fine tale about coming from New York! That was the

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cause of all the trouble. She was trying to live up to you and your fine, big-city ways. She didn't think you'd be interested in a simple village girl."

Eddie stared at her. He gulped once or twice. He said at last: "Could you give me her address, ma'am? I've certainly got a lot to explain."

Aunt Elsie looked at him hard. "I don't know," she said. "I doubt if her parents would like that."

Eddie gulped again. "I—I guess that's right," he said. "A nice girl like that, and me a stranger. But truly, ma'am——"

"Another thing," Aunt Elsie said, "she probably isn't there now. I expect she's gone and got herself a job somewhere. And," she went on briskly, "I doubt if her father would send letters on. Mary's his only daughter, and he might be a bit funny about strange men writing to her."

Eddie gazed despairingly at the floor. After a while he asked in a low voice: "Can you think of some way I could get to see her? I mean, there's nothing underhand. . . ."

Aunt Elsie thought about it. "Maybe if you went and saw her father and explained," she said, "he might put you in touch with her. I'm not saying that he would, but you could try."

Eddie drew a deep breath. "I'd better do that, then," he said.

Eddie got a special leave-pass next day and was away early enough to catch the 9.15 from Liverpool Street. As the train trundled out through the suburbs he sat in a corner of an empty carriage thinking about what lay ahead. He was pretty badly scared about meeting Mr. Williams, especially as Aunt Elsie had said he might be "funny" about his daughter.

Eddie remembered uncomfortably clearly old Herb Halloran, back in Tonterville, who had been funny about his own daughter and had gone after the feller courting her, with a shotgun. Desperately, Eddie rehearsed all the approaches to Mr. Williams he could think of, but they all seemed to have a shotgun at the end of them.

He had a bad time of it for the first few miles. But then, as the train got out into the country, he perked up enough to take some interest in his surroundings. He realized with a shock how long it had been since he had seen a field or a wood or a stream of water, and it reassured him quite a bit to find himself getting back to the sort of world he belonged to and understood. Hope began to grow in him. He thought how wonderful it was that Mary had turned out to be a country girl after all, and he told himself that nothing was going to stop him getting her back.

He had to change trains at a small Essex junction, and after he'd done that and was jolting along in the little local, he found his spirits rising still more. It was almost like coming home to Tonterville.

He got out at Woodingham Halt and inquired the way to the village. His heart began thumping painfully as he started up the country road.

He came round a corner by a barn, and saw the village ahead. It was much the same size as Tonterville—just a few houses and one or two shops. Mary had told him vaguely that her parents kept a shop, and Aunt Elsie had added the information that the shop was a corn chandler's. As he got nearer he saw the name "Williams" over one of the shop windows.

Eddie halted nervously and straightened his tie, and when he walked on again his legs felt weak. He got to the door of the shop, and his heart was banging harder than ever. He didn't think he could bring himself to go in. But then he pulled himself together. He opened the door.

The shop was empty except for a tall, gaunt-looking man behind the counter. He frowned when he saw Eddie come in. It was only a frown of surprise at the sight of an American serviceman in his shop, but Eddie wasn't to know that.

Eddie swallowed hard. "Mr. Williams?" he asked.

"That's right."

Eddie swallowed again. "Sir," he stammered. "Pardon me, sir. . . ."

"Something I can do for you?" Mr. Williams said, wondering what was wrong with the young man.

EDDIE waved a hand wildly. "Sir," he repeated desperately, "Mr. Williams . . . this is surely a liberty . . . it surely is . . . but. . . ."

He didn't get any farther. Mr. Williams had an assistant these days, and when she heard voices she came through into the shop from the house at the back to see if there was a customer that needed serving. And when she saw who the customer was, she stopped dead in the inner doorway.

"Eddie," she said, in a very faint voice.

Eddie stared, and when at last he managed to speak his voice was only a croak. "Mary," he said.

For a moment they just stood and looked at each other. Then Eddie forgot all about Mr. Williams and went striding across the shop. With a little cry of joy, Mary ran to meet him. . . .

Later, when they'd been left alone in the little parlour behind the shop, they spent a lot of time explaining everything to each other. She told him how she'd decided to work for her father in the shop because what had happened to her in London had shown her where she really belonged.

But Eddie still couldn't get over the fact that he'd found her at home.

"But that's great!" he said. "I mean, I didn't expect to find you here. Your Aunt Elsie told me you'd have gone off by now and started another job."

Mary stared at him, astonished. "But she knew I was going to stay at home and work in the shop," she said. "I wrote to her and told her!"

Eddie frowned. "But, when—why . . ." he said. "I don't understand. She told me that if I wanted to find you I'd have to come and see your father. So that's what I did—and here you were!"

Mary was thoughtful for a moment. Then she smiled. "Were you scared of meeting Dad?" she asked.

"Scared? I should say I was."

Mary was still smiling, a rather private little smile. She thought she understood.

"Maybe she got it wrong," she said. But she knew Aunt Elsie hadn't. She had possibly never been more right in her life than in the test she had devised for Eddie—a test he had come through with flying colours. "I shouldn't worry about it now."

Eddie was not worried. He doubted if he would ever worry about anything again.

THE END

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"All right, chaps—let's try that one again!"

I SAID IT WITH MUSIC

Continued from page 11

the playground with some friends, an older boy picked it up and kicked it deliberately over a wall. Disregarding his size and reputation as a bully, I flew at him. He laughed at me and punched me twice, and then, quite by chance, I caught him a swinging blow with my thumb knuckle on his temple. He collapsed. The school bell rang and the other boys light-heartedly lifted a very surprised victor on their shoulders and marched into class.

Unfortunately, the boy left on the grass did not recover quickly. A master found him, revived him, and took him home. The boy's parents complained about "the rough hooligan" who had assaulted their son. I feared expulsion and at the least a severe caning.

Happily for me, however, the headmaster accepted my story and gave me nothing more than a lecture on good and bad behaviour.

I joined the Officers' Training Corps at school and when the war started in 1914 the battalion was in summer camp at Tidworth. When my turn came to go on guard duty at night, my imagination played havoc with my nerves. Marching up and down at one and two in the morning, I felt at one moment frightfully important and at the next terrified that hordes of Germans would suddenly charge out of a wood, fifty yards away.

Face In The Mirror

Having spent the previous day on manoeuvres, I slept well when I came off guard duty. In the late morning, I suddenly heard a cry: "Orderly officer."

I sprang up, dressed hurriedly, and rushed outside the tent. I found not the orderly officer but a crowd of boys laughing uproariously at me. I discovered the complete reason for their amusement when I looked in a mirror: while I had slept, someone had covered my face with boot blacking.

Once again, my unfortunate temper took hold of me. I discovered the culprit and set about rubbing his face in the grass. In getting out of my way, he tripped over a tent peg and broke an arm. For a day or two, I was not very popular either with myself or the other fellows.

At fifteen, I fell in love. For some time, a girl who lived in the district had filled me with idealistic, romantic thoughts, and one day I saw her running along a street trying hopelessly to check a bulldog on a lead.

Feeling as chivalrous as a knight of old, I stopped the dog and began a fatuous conversation with the girl. That led to a long friendship and ultimately to an engagement. During my Royal Flying Corps service, however, the girl became friendly with another man and our courtship ended.

Left Home Secretly

During my latter years at school, I looked older than my age and I made friends with boys older than myself. Soon, my older friends volunteered for the services and went away to fight. Everyone, especially the girls, admired them and their uniforms. I grew envious: I wanted the glory, too. I decided to forge the year on my birth certificate from 1899 to 1898, and to join up at once.

One morning, I secretly packed a bag, slipped out of the house, and caught a train to London. I enlisted in the Artists Rifles and immediately received three days' leave. I went home to tell my parents what I had done.

"Where have you been all day?" my father demanded.

"I've been to London to join up," I said, proudly.

"You've done what?" he said furiously.

"I've joined the Artists Rifles."

"We'll soon put a stop to that nonsense," he said. Without another word to me, he went out and telephoned the recruiting station, telling the commanding officer of my true age.

With a friend, I then tried to enlist in the naval brigade. Again my father stopped me. He said he had other plans. He wanted me to go to university and to become a doctor. He wanted to keep control over me, and it infuriated him to find me doing things without his permission.

I disregarded him and joined the Royal Flying Corps, still about a year under age. This time my father took no action: he realized I would eventually have my own way. After my

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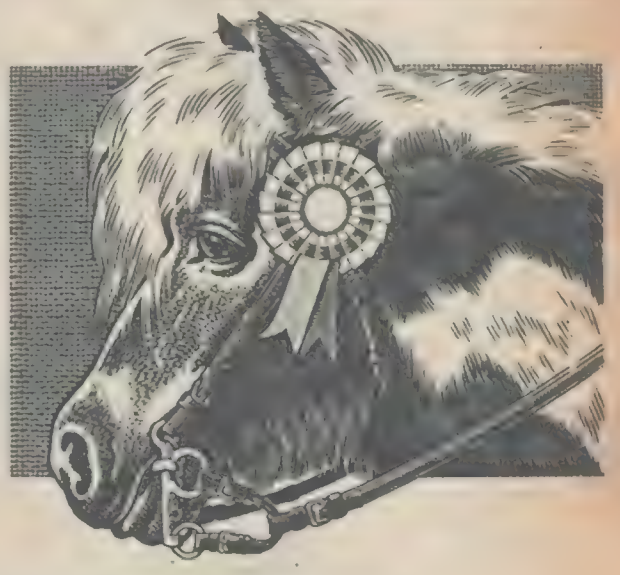

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"Can you describe it?"

first leave, he gave me a prayer book.

"I want you to promise me," he said, "to carry it always in the left breast pocket of your uniform."

I made, and kept, the promise.

I did my initial training at Farnborough, near Aldershot, then went to Denham for the technical grounding in aircraft construction and flying theory. I learned to fly at Scampton in Lincolnshire.

My first solo came after about six hours' flying in a D.H.7 biplane trainer, a contraption which seemed to be strung together with wire. I took off quite competently into the wind and flew gingerly twice round the aerodrome. I felt more pleased with myself than I had ever done.

I turned the nose into the wind and put it down slightly to land. In the next instant, a terrific bang shook the machine from propeller to rudder. Remembering instructions, I quickly switched off the engine and glided towards the landing field. The starboard wings shuddered furiously. I beseeched the thing to hold together.

Instinct and good luck alone carried me safely to earth. I could never remember afterwards *piloting* the aircraft down, although everyone watching complimented me for keeping my nerve and making a good three-point landing. It turned out that the top of a cylinder had blown clean through the engine cowling and smashed one of the landing wires supporting the starboard wing.

"Well done, Payne, old chap," my instructor said. "You'd better take up another machine straight away. You mustn't lose your nerve," he added cheerfully.

Plane Caught Fire

At eighteen, I became an instructor myself. I came to realize what a suicidal circus I had joined. To restock and enlarge the squadrons in France, instructors had to get the boys to fly solo in the shortest possible time. Training produced almost as many casualties as the enemy.

The planes themselves were highly temperamental. They had nasty quirks, the Camel, for instance, falling into a spin at the least provocation. I took up from Scampton one day an Avro trainer which caught fire a few miles from the aerodrome. The flames came from the starboard side of the engine and, in the recommended manner, I side-slipped to port, switched off the engine, and thankfully put myself and the aircraft into a field without further incident.

Five days later, I was in a car crash near Scampton. Though physically unhurt, I felt shaken; I asked the commanding officer for leave. I went home to Birmingham to even more trouble.

My father now always came home in the late evening and went straight to his room without a word to anyone. There, he ate his supper, and went to bed. In the morning, he left the house before anyone else rose. When my parents did speak to each other, a quarrel soon rent the house. I found myself intruding on my mother's behalf. I was impetuous and unwise.

Stood Up And Screamed

One day during my leave, I got on a tramcar in Birmingham and, as it started down a hill, I had a sudden wild notion that it would run away and crash. I stood up and screamed uncontrollably. The tram stopped and the conductor calmed me and set me on the pavement. I walked the three miles home, saw a doctor and found myself the next day in a military hospital.

It took me three months to recover from the breakdown. I was then posted to Eastbourne where, for a time, I had a most comfortable job as orderly officer at a convalescent camp. In the morning and last thing at night I checked the roll: the rest of the day was virtually mine.

One evening, I went for a drink to a large hotel on the front where the management kept a room exclusively for officers. Some fellows persuaded me to play the piano and, as usually happened, a line of drinks for the pianist formed on the piano. I drank steadily.

I remembered afterwards getting up sharply, announcing my departure and even arriving by taxi back at the camp: but I could remember no more. I came round two days later. I felt terrible. During my amnesia, I had apparently gone raving mad, fighting everyone who came near. I had to be forcibly restrained. The medical officer said I must have drunk some hootch. Obviously, someone at the hotel did not approve of the pianist. I enjoy a drink still, but I have never been drunk again.

During my R.F.C. service, I helped to form a small band at one station. The C.O. played a banjoline, a fellow pilot played the drums, two Americans attached to the squadron played the fiddle and saxophone, and I played the piano. It was a very good little band. For me, it proved to be a rewarding experience.

On my demobilization, in 1919, I

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Haven't you "gone red" yet? Oh, come now—don't admit it! Let's be up to date at all costs!

decided to take up farming. I spent much of my gratuity learning the business on a farm in Worcestershire, then endeavoured with a friend to get a financier to back us as farmers. But the negotiations broke down. I then tried unsuccessfully to get a job abroad with the Foreign and Colonial Services. I began to feel desperate.

By this time, I lived with my mother in rooms in Birmingham. She had learned of another woman in my father's life and, at my insistence, she left him. They never lived together again. He died in 1947, she in 1950.

Today, I sometimes find it hard to excuse my interference in their lives in 1919. He bullied and wronged her, but if I had disappeared from the domestic scene, I tell myself that they might in time have found a measure of happiness together.

Took A Gamble

My inability to find work after the war meant that my mother had to draw on her small savings for us to live. I searched for an idea and suddenly thought of my R.F.C. band. With four friends who played instruments, I formed a similar band in Birmingham and offered our services at private parties. I soon realized that parties and dances had bigger possibilities.

I took a gamble. With practically no money in my pocket, I booked the Assembly Rooms in Birmingham, engaged the then famous Clifford Essex Band from London, and sold tickets for a buffet-dance, a Jack Payne Promotion, at 13s. 6d. each. I just cleared my expenses. People clamoured for me to repeat the dance. I did.

I started to make what I regarded then as a lot of money. As more people heard of the dances, my profits rose from £10 a night to £100 and £150. I held at least one dance a month for about eighteen months, promoting them as "Jack Vivian" to avoid opposition from my father for using his name. I spent the money as fast as I made it.

At one dance held during a Birmingham race meeting, the patrons included two of the notorious race gangs which operated at that time. When the men recognized each other, a bloody fight broke out. On the balcony one man bent another over the balustrade, cracked a glass on his heel, and smashed it in the other's face. The police broke up the fight in time to prevent the dance being ruined.

Spent The Takings

Other people in Birmingham took note of the success of my promotions and began to copy me. Unfortunately I had not the business acumen to put either Clifford Essex or the hall owners under exclusive contract to me, and one day I suddenly found myself out of business. Other promoters had started opposition dances, using the same band and the same hall.

Not only that, I had spent most of the takings from the last dance, intending, as usual, to meet some outstanding bills from the proceeds of the next. I owed the caterers about £60, the hall owners about £40, my tailor £20, and a number of smaller amounts.

In despair, I turned to my father for help. "Why come to me?" he said. "I can't help you. You must file your bankruptcy petition."

I walked away without a word. Perhaps I should not have expected more from him. I told my creditors that I would find a job and pay them by instalments. They accepted the offer.

I succeeded in getting a job as pianist at the Palais de Danse in Birmingham at £12 a week. Sitting at the keyboard for two and a half hours in the afternoon and five at night, six days a week, I earned a living, paid my debts, and got corns on my fingers.

From the Palais, I got a job as pianist with the band at the Grand Hotel, Folkestone. During my first weeks there, I grew friendly with a girl who regularly visited the ballroom. She came of a comparatively wealthy Folkestone society family, and I felt flattered by the attentions of a girl some years older than myself.

From January to August, we had a gay, half-secret courtship. We both felt that her parents would not object to her casual friendship with a musician but would at once put a stop to any closer relationship. In August, we decided to marry secretly. Each of us told our closest friend, having sworn them to secrecy, and one morning the four of us met at the Folkestone register office.

Two Crazy People

After the ceremony we all went to a hotel in Sandgate, ate a wedding breakfast from the lunch menu, and then my best man and I had to return to the Grand to play at the tea dance. That night, my bride, Doris, and I spent our honeymoon at a hotel in Ashford. She had made some excuse to her parents about spending the night with her friend.

For the next four months we continued to behave virtually as good, platonic friends. I slept in my small room at the Grand, she slept at home.

During the day, we met and chatted openly. In the late evenings, after I finished work, we met again and walked, hiding our faces, along the front to sit on a secluded bench. When everyone had gone to bed at her home, we crept through the back door to sit in the kitchen for an hour or so. We were two crazy people who had acted impulsively without a thought for the future.

Paul Whiteman brought his orchestra to London that year and I went eagerly to see his performance. That night, on the train returning to Folkestone, I vowed that I would stop at nothing short of Whiteman's success.

When my contract ended at the Grand, I took my wife to meet my mother in Birmingham, then went to London to search for work. We rented two rooms, with furniture and gas ring, on the top floor of a house in a dingy street near Paddington Station. There, my mother-in-law, by then a widow, caught up with us.

She had assumed that we were living, as she put it, in sin. When Doris showed her the marriage lines the

deception temporarily annoyed her, but in the end she accepted the situation and we got on good terms.

I did not find work easily. Day in, day out, I stood outside the Orchestral Club, in Archer Street, waiting for a job. No one wanted a pianist. They already had hundreds on their books.

In those days a lot of musicians earned a living in "gig" bands, which played one-night stands at private parties and balls. My first job came when a pianist in one gig band fell ill and I deputized for him at a party in Mayfair. I earned two guineas. Gradually, more work came my way. Some weeks I earned ten, even twenty guineas; in others, I did not get a single engagement. Before I finally got established on an agency's books we had spent my wife's savings and even had a little help from my mother-in-law.

In the gigs, I grew quite popular. The clients began to ask specially for me. I went often to the parties of people like Lady Astor and Lord Derby. The Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, liked to have the gig band in which I played at the parties he attended. People liked our music and, equally important, we behaved ourselves. Many gig players didn't.

Once, at a party in the West End, a violinist who strengthened the group with which I normally played took his case into the buffet room and crammed it with food and bottles of wine.

I confronted him. "What are you doing with that lot?" I asked.

"Oh, just taking a bit of stuff home with me."

"But you can't do that. Have you been given permission?"

"No," the man said, rather surprised, "but all the boys take a little bit off the buffet for themselves. No one will miss it and it'll only get wasted if we don't take it."

"Look," I said, "in this band you don't steal the customer's goods, because we value our reputations. You put the stuff back now or I report you to the client."

Furious, and telling me just what sorts of fool I was, the violinist did as I asked.

The gigs took me all over the country, perhaps one night to a hunt ball in Northumberland, the next to a twenty-first birthday party in the Cotswolds. I went several times to Craven Lodge, then a popular haunt of royalty, near Melton Mowbray. Late one night there, I left the band to go for a breather, and in an adjoining room intruded on a comic orgy.

Before me stood a sober English waiter holding out, in impeccable style, a tray of éclairs. In front of him stood a member of the nobility, equally sober in expression but hardly in mind, who, with great deliberation, took the éclairs and aimed them, one by one, at different oak panels on the wall at the other end of the room. I stayed long enough to see that he did not aim as well as he did with a gun, then went out another way.

An Urgent Call

The gigs were a long way from Paul Whiteman. One day, a friend of my wife introduced me to the secretary of the Hotel Cecil, then the largest and one of the grandest hotels in Europe, now, sadly, an office block in the Strand.

"If at any time you want to change your band," I said to him, "I would be grateful if you would give me a chance."

Some weeks later, my wife and I went one evening to the Victoria Palace. During the show, an usherette called me to the telephone. My mother, who was staying at the larger flat to which we had now moved, said that an urgent call had come from the Hotel Cecil. I found that the secretary wanted to see me the next morning.

"We are thinking of changing the band," he said, as soon as I walked in. "What have you to offer?"

"The best band in London."

"Right. The directors and I will hear it a week today. Good morning, Mr. Payne."

Of course, I didn't have a band at all. I had to build one. I had to select the musicians from my Archer Street and gig band friends and ask them to a secret audition for an important but unnamed job. I had to keep the details to myself until the last moment to prevent any equally ambitious musician trying to step in before me. It was not easy convincing the men I chose that it would be worth their while doing a morning's unpaid work "somewhere in the West End."

On the eve of the audition I rehearsed them for four hours.

"Right, boys," I said, afterwards, "we'll meet tomorrow at ten sharp in the ballroom of the Hotel Cecil."

They looked at me incredulously.

"Who are you kidding, Jack?" said one.

"Look," I said earnestly, "if you don't turn up tomorrow you may lose us the finest job in the West End."

Fortunately, all of them kept the appointment, and, competing against two other bands, we got the job.

Offer From B.B.C.

Though I did not make a lot of money at the Cecil, I did make quite a reputation. At first, I played the piano in the band, but then persuaded the directors to employ another pianist and to allow me to conduct. My presence in front of the band, I told them, would give it personality.

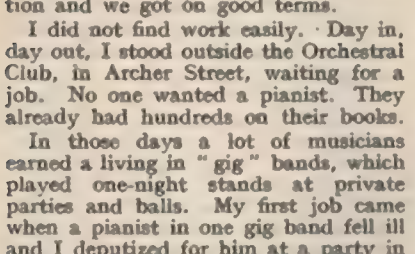
Now and then, I met people in the hotel bar who worked at the nearby Savoy Hill studios of the B.B.C. We grew quite friendly. At the same time, I heard the rival Savoy Hotel band on the radio a good deal, and I wondered why it should always be the Savoy, why not the Cecil.

I put the idea to the more influential of my B.B.C. friends and nagged them about it until they offered me a trial. I expected big things. This might well lead to the Whiteman-like success.

Then the offer came—a fifteen-minute spot as Uncle Jack in *Children's Hour*.

NEXT WEEK: Jack Payne tells of his early days of broadcasting

WHO'S WHO?



They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 36.

BORN:
A. Seventy-three years ago in Malaga, Spain, son of a professor.
B. Sixty-five years ago in Allahabad, India, son of a Brahmin.

FIRST JOB:
C. A lawyer.
D. In an umbrella maker's shop.

HAS SAID:
E. "I make a window the way I look through a window. If the open window isn't any good, I make a curtain and close the window."
F. "Some of the great religious teachers have said certain things or behaved in certain ways that are valid for all times. A word or a phrase comes to me suddenly in the midst of a crisis, something from Buddha or Christ. . . ."

FAMOUS AS:
G. World statesman and heir to a man of peace.
H. Artist and designer of a symbol of peace.

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SIP IT!

DRINK IT!

DRAIN IT!

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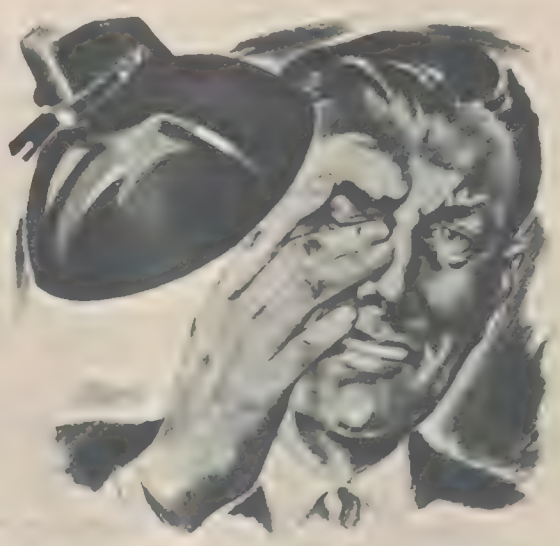
Winter living can harm your eyes



You have only one pair of eyes to last your lifetime—yet you treat them disgracefully! You simply can't help it, amidst the stress and strain of modern life. In winter the very air of our cities becomes foul with suspended dirt—you can sometimes even feel the particles pricking and stinging your eyes.

Fortunately, you can do something about all this. You can protect your eyes by *regular bathing* with Optrex Eye Lotion. Use Optrex regularly, and your eyes will be healthier, clearer and calmer than they have been for years. And what a wonderfully soothing and toning effect it has!

Optrex is a *scientific eye lotion*. It contains a plant extract and valuable inorganic salts in a balanced combination similar to the natural fluids of the eye.

A wise precaution: whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

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it soothes and strengthens the eyes

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 2/4½, 3/11½ AND 9/6

For best results always use the Optrex Eye Bath.
It bathes both the eye and the delicate surrounding tissues.

FELLOW PASSENGER

Continued from page 15

before the very highest committee, and I think you'll find they give great importance to what the passengers may say."

He looked at me with resignation. He sensed already that this was a duel between myself and the party over his wretched body. "You will be punished in the end," he said gloomily.

"If the party so decides," I answered. "But you, comrade, well, I'm sorry, very sorry, that I have had to sacrifice you. But I'll do all I can for you."

He broke out sobbing, and left, cursing either me or his fate in some expressive language which I presume was Latvian. Half an hour later he shoved my supper tray into my hands and vanished without a word. He looked harassed. He was already at the receiving end of the wireless messages from Riga. At midnight he put in his head to assure himself that I was still there.

"Well, was I right?" I asked.

"You are to be kept alive at all costs. I warn you," he added, "that there is now a sentry outside my door with orders to let no one pass."

"Very proper, Karlis. It is essential that I should not be disturbed."

"You are enjoying this!" he accused me.

"Comrade, I must smile or weep."

I got him to talk a little, for, after all, the poor fellow had nobody's shoulder but mine on which to lay his head. The captain washed his hands of the whole business. Riga was sending contradictory messages at the rate of one every half-hour. They were even asking Karlis, a police officer of no importance, for suggestions as to how the situation could be remedied.

"Comrade, if they do not approve of my showing myself to the passengers," I said, "there is only one remedy. All the passengers must disappear."

"But I am not a specialist," he sighed. "I have not been trained for that. And I have not enough ammunition."

"Signal that I offer to help you," I suggested.

"Very well."

This proposal of mine that all passengers should be liquidated stopped the ship—literally stopped it. We rocked gently on the summer sea while the situation was discussed, I like to think, by the entire cabinet.

Whatever they did to me, the passengers were still there to swear that the spy, Howard-Wolferstan, had escaped to Russia in a Russian ship. That simply could not be allowed. On the other hand, tempting though the solution must have been, there was no way of ensuring that all passengers met a convincingly natural death.

We were still motionless next day. The captain, I heard, was unapproachable in his rage. The passengers and crew were told that the engines had broken down.

It was my move. I wrote a message for Karlis and told him to translate it into Russian and send it off.

"Comrade," I explained to him, "I am ready to make the supreme sacrifice. The only way out is for the ship to put back and for you to hand me over to the British police."

"But they will torture you," he said.

"I am brave."

He made an appropriate gesture of heroic admiration. "But you know too much."

"No, I don't," I told him. "I can be landed as a stowaway and disowned. Don't you see the propaganda value? The glorious People's Democracies have nothing to do with espionage. We work for peace by cleaner methods than the Fascist hyenas. Got it?"

"What about your own organization?" he asked.

"Purely personal. I think they'll see that by now."

In the last forty-eight hours every scrap of information must have been collected from any and every department which could conceivably have employed me, and it must have become obvious that I had never been employed at all. Whatever my insane motives, there was nothing of importance I could give away if brought to trial.

The interval between my helpful suggestion and the reply was short—a mere twelve hours.

At 2 a.m., I was woken up by the ship's engines and, shortly afterwards, Karlis hurled himself through the wardrobe into my cabin.

"Your sacrifice," he panted, "your sacrifice has been accepted. We are returning to London."

I was relieved but not surprised. That message from the ship must have fallen like manna upon the blotting-paper of those harassed men at the centre of their spider's web.

From then on, I gave Karlis no trouble at all. It was sound psychology. Karlis had to have plenty of time to think about himself, not me. He became more and more melancholy, and as soon as I thought his nerves were about ripe, I set to work.

"A costly business," I remarked regretfully. "Fuel. Delay of cargo, and passengers. All this expense because I had to take advantage of your afternoon sleep. But you won't find it bad, being a miner. Think of me—tortured, beaten, rotting in a capitalist prison!"

He pounded his fist on the wall in indignation. When it was not his duty to be stern, he was easily moved by emotion.

"And escape from the ship before I am landed is impossible," I said. So it was, unless I could persuade him to go with me. Together we might have a chance.

"Yes. There is no way out. It is my order to hand you over to the British as a stowaway," Karlis answered.

I left my bunk and sat side by side with him on the settee. I meant him to feel that we were partners. I said bitterly that I could never be any more use to the party and that at last I was entitled to look after my own interests. He saw what I was driving at, all right; but was afraid to commit himself.

"I would be followed and killed," he said.

"Not important enough, my dear Karlis," I replied. "In England a killing costs a disproportionate amount of money and planning. You mustn't believe all you read."

"But would the police ever let me go free?"

"Yes. If you asked for sanctuary as a political refugee."

He thought about it for a while. Then he impulsively seized my hand. "I will do it," he said. "You and I together!"

It was too emotional a reaction to be trustworthy, but I had no time to waste. I told him to go and collect all possible information on our movements and time of arrival.

He did that, and during the afternoon we shut ourselves up in my cabin. He told me that I was to be put ashore at Tilbury. We should pick up a Thames pilot soon after midnight and anchor off Tilbury at dawn. We were not going alongside.

There was nothing for it but to slip overboard at night. That meant we'd got to have a raft or a boat and something to paddle it with. Karlis at once lost heart. He insisted that he had no chance of laying his hands on anything larger than a lifebelt. And it was hopeless to think of swimming. The watch, in territorial waters, was alert. Members of the crew had been known

WHO'S WHO?

A D E H are the clues on page 35 which help to identify the man on the left as Pablo Picasso, the Spanish painter and founder of the Cubist School. He designed the dove which has been adopted by Communists as their peace emblem.

B C F G identify the man on the right as Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India and Gandhi's successor as India's leading statesman.

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

RUPERT took his car to Sid Spanner's garage and repair shop, and asked him to repair the back axle and a wheel. Spanner's mechanics carried out the work at once.

About three hours after he had got his car back, Rupert was driving within the speed limit through the town, when the repaired wheel flew off his car, bowled across the footpath and hit Miss Fortune, injuring her severely. Rupert stopped the car without further incident.

Miss Fortune sued Spanner for heavy damages, claiming that he had repaired Rupert's car negligently, and was responsible in law for her injury.

"I cannot be liable for Miss Fortune's claim," Spanner told the judge. "I admit that the repair was faulty, but that doesn't mean that she can succeed with her action. Her injury was too remote from my repair—it was pure coincidence and bad luck that she should be walking by just when the wheel flew off.

"If Rupert had sued me for damage to his car from the faulty repair, I might have had to pay him. But I cannot be responsible for every strange or unusual consequence of the repair. In any case, it is the customer's duty to inspect a repaired vehicle—so Rupert should have checked to see that his car was safe."

"Rubbish," replied Miss Fortune. "Spanner made a negligent repair, and that caused my injury. He must pay me."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 38

to jump overboard, but had always been picked up.

"How?" I asked.

"With a launch, of course."

"Suppose," I suggested, "that there *was* a man in the water, but not us. Suppose we push a passenger overboard. He can't explain what happened to him till he gets back on deck—that is, presuming none of the launch's crew speaks English."

KARLIS almost shouted that I was irresponsible. He pictured for me the return of the launch, and the English-speaking captain, who would at once have been called, leaning over the flying bridge and asking questions.

"If the captain wasn't easily available," I asked, "would the other officers take your orders—just for a moment?"

"Yes—if it looked like something political."

What I had in mind was beginning to take solid shape. I said: "You know Elias Thomas Conger?"

He let himself go on the subject of Elias Thomas, who had been carrying his loud and jolly voice into the crew's quarters and everywhere else, and seemed to think he had a special mission to report on the conditions of Russian ships. He couldn't speak a word of Russian or any foreign language, but that did not deter him.

I took pencil and paper, and drafted out Karlis's orders. They ran, if I remember, something like this:

1. Lieutenant Karlis will make an appointment with Elias Conger to attend a meeting of the ship's political committee. At 00.15 hours, Conger will trip and fall overboard.
2. Karlis will immediately give the alarm and see launch is ordered away.
3. At 00.16 hours, Karlis will report to the captain that he fears Howard-Wolferstan has escaped and dived overboard. He will desire the captain to come at once and examine Howard-Wolferstan's cabin.
4. At 00.20 hours, the captain is shut in Howard-Wolferstan's cabin. Karlis will immediately return to the deck. Howard-Wolferstan will proceed to deck independently.
5. Gangway will presumably be lowered to receive rescued man. If not, Karlis will order it to be lowered.
6. When launch is alongside and Conger has been carried up gangway, Karlis will order launch's crew out of the boat. The objective is to leave one man only on board launch, who will presumably be hanging on with boat-hook.
7. Karlis and Howard-Wolferstan will descend gangway. Howard-Wolferstan stumbles against hand with boat-hook. Karlis takes wheel and opens throttle.

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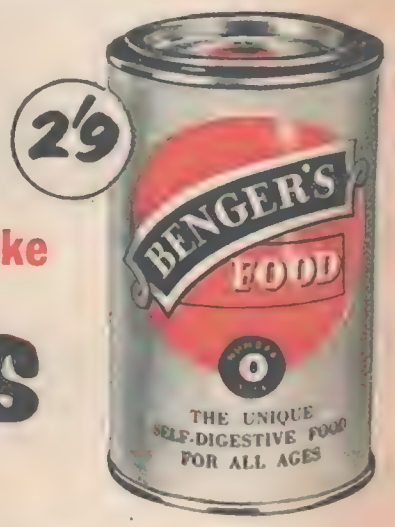

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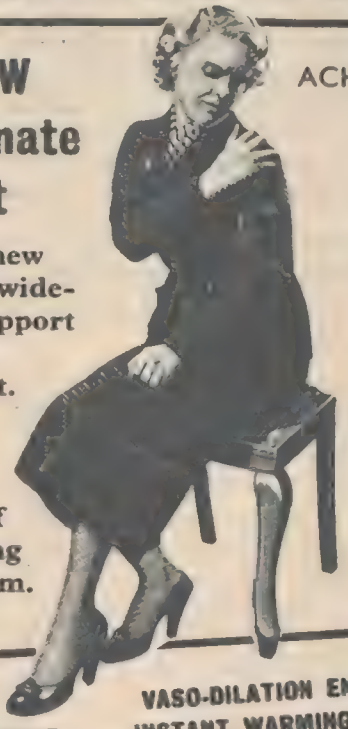

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lifebelts and have them ready to throw after Conger," I said. "Where will you do it?"

"Right aft on the main deck. The deck house will cover us and he will fall clear of the propellers. But the rest is harder than you think."

Karlis's chief objection was that it would be difficult for me to hide near the gangway, and perhaps impossible for me to get on deck at all.

I reminded him of the tall American and her easily recognizable cloak. I said: "Can you get that out of her cabin before she turns in?"

"Suppose she notices it has gone?"

"The stewardess will be instructed," I answered patiently, "to say she borrowed it to take the measurements. She wants one made like it. And get me a pair of stockings and bedroom slippers. The stewardess's will do."

Karlis went off about his business. About ten he came in and reported progress. The appointment with Conger had been arranged. He had stowed his suitcase and my pack in a locker of the launch. He brought me the American's cloak, the stockings and a pair of fur-trimmed mules.

When he had gone it was my turn to worry. The two hours while I waited in my coffin of a cabin were hard to pass. I wondered if it had occurred to Karlis that he would do far better to escape without me. No doubt it had. On the other hand, he needed the assistance of an able spy when landing in a very foreign country; and then, two of us could, with luck, manage the seizure of the launch while one could not.

At midnight I put on the stockings, the slippers and the cloak. I took up my position in Karlis's cabin behind the open wardrobe door.

After a very long ten minutes, the ship slowed and stopped. A minute or so afterwards, the captain, followed by Karlis, rushed into the cabin, went straight through the wardrobe and flung back the sliding door of the inner cabin. When he was inside, Karlis slid the door home again. There was nothing to it. We then shut the door of the wardrobe. Practically nothing could be heard of the captain's rage. When he began to ring the bell, Karlis disconnected the wire.

"Did Conger get to the lifebelt?" I asked.

"It hit him on the shoulder," Karlis replied gloomily. "He went under. It is the end of us."

"And the launch?"

"Hopeless. The first officer went in it."

I embraced Karlis with enthusiasm and told him he had made a fine start. I said that I would leave the cabin then and there. He put his head round the door and told me the alleyway was empty. I pulled the hood of the cloak over my head and bolted.

THIS time I avoided the main stairs and went up two companionways fairly far aft. I found myself in the lounge or smoking-room. It was empty. Looking aft through the windows, I could see the launch in the beam of the bridge searchlight. On the promenade deck was a small group of crew off duty, including what looked like purser and bar steward. They all had their backs to the lounge and me.

The shutters of the smoking-room bar were down, but the door was open. Evidently the steward had been interrupted in the course of washing up and checking stock. The till was half open. One couldn't expect much. After all, the ship was no Atlantic liner. Still, £15 and some odd silver were likely to be useful.

I poked out a cautious head to the port side of the promenade deck. It was empty. I ran up to the boat deck and was at once caught in the ranging beam of the light on the bridge. I was thankful for the cloak and hood.

I took station in a dark corner. I'd just got there when voices were suddenly raised and excited on the bridge above me. The beam shifted. Conger, not Howard-Wolferstan, had been picked up. The light was extinguished.

The position suddenly alarmed me. I could see the entire blasted ship's company—those who were awake—were over on the starboard side. How on earth could I push through that crowd and reach the gangway as soon as Conger had been carried up?

I went down and scurried along the port rails. The ropes from the launch davits hung over the sea. Cloak, hood and all, I slid down one of them and took to the water. I swam aft along the side of the ship without being noticed and took refuge, a frightened barnacle, under the bulge of the stern.

I could see the gangway. Elias Thomas Conger was walking up it and declaiming. He was in no sort of doubt that he had been pushed overboard. Then I saw Karlis run down the gangway and into the launch. Up came the boat's crew, leaving, as we had foreseen, a man with a boat-hook.

The next move was obvious. I smacked the water and screamed. The beauty of the ship was overboard. Floating cloak bobbed up and down. I splashed incompetently. The ball was in Karlis's court and an absolute gift to him if he kept his head.

He did. He started the engine of the launch. The hand who had held the boat-hook leaned out to pick me up. Karlis tipped up his heels. He pulled me aboard and we were away.

The searchlight picked us up, and the black cliff of the bows slowly turned in our direction. The confusion aboard must have been considerable. Then she began moving after us more purposefully. We had a lead, however, of nearly quarter of a mile, and were steering straight for the scattered lights on the Essex shore.

WHEN the ship was disturbingly close, a gigantic buoy loomed up in the darkness. Whatever that buoy marked, the ship didn't like it. She went astern in a swirl of white water while we continued along some local channel. For us, buoys became unreasonably frequent. It seemed to me highly probable that daylight would find us stuck on a mudbank.

Karlis was disappointed in me. He expected me, as an experienced spy, at least to know the marks of the chief entrance to my own land. I didn't, and the result was that the magic was broken. I became, in his eyes, a wretched, chilly embarrassment.

It was Karlis's unwillingness to lend me a pair of trousers which woke me up to his changed attitude. I assured him that he would get them back when my own were dry, but he grumbled. I saw his point of view almost at once. It was reasonable. Why waste a good pair of trousers overboard?

The situation had become drastically simplified. Karlis had a pistol, and I had not. And how easy his story for the British police! He had escaped, fearing the consequences of my disappearance; he had stopped to pick me up under the honest impression that I was the American; I had tried to get ashore through the mud, and been drowned. And, of course, it would be I who had crept up behind Karlis and Conger and pushed the latter overboard.

My only chance for the moment was to radiate confidence. "Keep heading into the tide," I told him, "and we'll get clear." I stood up in the bows, giving him at intervals responsible but enthusiastic orders. I hoped fervently that he would want to preserve so admirable a pilot.

When we were out in more open

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 37, the judge said that Spanner held himself out to be a competent mechanic and car repairer, therefore Rupert was entitled to rely on him and to assume that a proper job had been done. The repair was negligent, and Spanner was liable to pay Miss Fortune, for he knew that the car was going to be used on the road. He should have realized that it could injure passers-by. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"Well, I prefer this one"

water, I directed Karlis towards a lighted buoy.

"I want to know the state of the tide," I explained. "If there's another hour or two before the turn, we'll be able to make one of the little creeks on Foulness."

"How can you tell?" he asked.

"There's a glass case on top of the buoy," I said, "and they put the tide tables in there once a month."

I hung on to the buoy with the boat-hook. I doubted if I could ever make him board it. The only way was to let him think that I wanted to go myself. "Careful!" I warned him, handing him the end of the boat-hook. "If you don't hold on, the launch will be on the bank before you have time to get way on her."

He did not take the boat-hook from me. He was working it all out. The man on top of the buoy would be perfectly safe till he was picked up by a passing ship.

"There is no reason why *you* should go," he said sharply.

"Go yourself then! All I must know is the time of high water on August the fourth."

He pushed past me and jumped across to the base of the buoy, carrying the end of the painter with him as a precaution. Regretfully I had to consider assault. A mere technical assault. A rap over the knuckles. I delivered it, with the boat-hook, on the hand which held the painter.

He did not drop it. Instead, he caught the boat-hook with his other hand and gave a hearty push. I went overboard. So did he. It was the end of our partnership.

I was just able to grab a strut of the buoy and scramble up. Meanwhile the launch had drifted away with Karlis on the end of the painter. Eventually he climbed aboard, and I heard the engine and the swirl of the propeller. The sound faded away.

I sat clutching the light, tossed by the waves. Morale did not exist. The top of a buoy in the loneliness of primeval waters was the wrong place for a man of my temperament. It would have suited Karlis much better.

At last the sky to the east grew grey. Ships passed, but too far to the north to notice me.

At last a little coaster appeared, heading straight for me. I waved and shouted at it. I didn't care if they handed me straight over to the police so long as the station was warm, though a faint flicker of the instinct of self-preservation made me yell in Spanish.

The coaster came up alongside, and the mate threw me a rope. I chattered at him in Spanish, took a turn round my chest and was hauled on board. Rochester Star she was called. She was returning empty from the Medway to Erith, and had a crew of seven.

They all had the amazing kindness of the Londoner to anyone in distress. They could not understand a word I said, but they had me stripped in a minute, and my clothes, and even my money, hung up to dry in the engine-room. Meanwhile I was wrapped in blankets and irrigated with hot, sweet tea—the only time in my life that I ever appreciated the stuff.

I explained in sign language that I had fallen overboard and swum to the buoy. "Me Spanish" was my only remark intelligible to them.

"He'll be off one of them Barcelona fruit boats," a deckhand said.

That seemed to call for a sign of intelligence. "*Fruta!* Barcelona!" I chattered. "Yes!"

That satisfied the captain. "All right, my boy," he said. "Now you nip along to the galley, and cookie will have some bacon for you."

I damn nearly understood this, but managed to look blank. He led me up a companion to the galley.

Both my clothes and money were dry by the time we reached Erith. My saviours of the Rochester Star accompanied me on shore with the utmost kindness. I listened to them blankly while they discussed what should be done with me, and rejoiced to hear that they thought the police station too formal. In the end they introduced me to an official of the Seamen's Home, and all shook my hand and wished me luck.

I sat in the Seamen's Home office waiting for an interpreter. He proved to be an excellent fellow who had passed fifteen years of his life in the Argentine. He spotted my accent at once as South American, not Spanish, and I accounted for that by saying I had spent years in Venezuela.

My genial interpreter explained to me that we would have to visit the police. I expressed the utmost willingness, but on the way to the station I begged him, with tears in my eyes, to telephone my consul and ask him to cable my wife that I was safe.

We stopped at a post office. I watched my poor friend safely into a telephone box, and then edged out and hurried to the railway station. After a quick glance at the timetables, I found that in four minutes there would be a train to London Bridge. I bought a ticket, asking for it in broken English. That was rather more than I was supposed to know; but if I were traced to the station, as within an hour I certainly should be, my little bit of English was not enough to arouse suspicion.

Once I was in the train, with time to think of long-term tactics, the difficulties overwhelmed me. The Spanish seaman could easily vanish, but Howard-Wolferstan could not. As soon as it was obvious that they were one and the same, the police and M.I.5 would be after me in full force.

I left the train at Greenwich and, by hanging about for a bit in the lavatory, managed to leave the station without surrendering my ticket. In that way I might gain an hour while the pursuit bothered the staff at London Bridge.

I came on a second-hand dealer in a back street and bought myself a suit and hat for a couple of pounds. The suit would look respectable for a day or two until the worn cloth ceased to hold the shape ironed into it by the cleaners. I could not imitate cockney

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dialect with any real facility, and I feared I would attract attention if I spoke cultured English, so again I used a foreign accent.

With my new clothes in a brown paper parcel, I kept to the poorer streets until I came to a chemist's shop. There I bought shaving kit, a bandage and a roll of cotton wool. So to a public lavatory — whence I emerged as a decent citizen who had had a nasty accident to one side of his face. I quietly dropped my old clothes into the ebbing tide. The Spanish seaman had vanished.

The bandage, however, was a very weak disguise, and I knew only too well that I must change my appearance again in a matter of hours. I took a bus into London, settled myself down with a paper in the gardens of the Tower—it never occurred to me that I was important enough to become a lodger—and considered the next move.

I had to count that the purchase of clothes and bandage would be traced by the police within a few hours of the identification of the Spanish seaman, and that, if I remained as I was, I should be in a cell by midnight; but without the bandage I was plainly Howard - Wolferstan, whose photographs would be all over the morning papers.

My appearance had to be changed, but there was no way of turning myself into a fair or medium Englishman. Then stay in my natural colours and account for my Latin face by some disguise? A turban, an Arab headdress might enable me, with sufficient impudence, to get clear. But the present nameless citizen with a bandage over half his face could not enter a shop to buy comic hats, nor could Howard-Wolferstan.

DESPAIRING, I wandered east along Wapping High Street. I stopped to look at a shop window, full of brushes and gear for odd trades. There were new and second-hand chimney-sweeping brushes. The vision came to me of the local sweep pedalling along on his bicycle with his bundle of brushes over the handlebars.

To find a bicycle shop was the first job. I hit one, off the Whitechapel Road, stocked with old bicycles from the reconditioned to the cheap and rusty. Making a careful note of the street, I turned back towards the river to discover a reasonably private heap of coal.

Near Shadwell tube station was a coal merchant's yard. There was no one about. I sneaked in and dived into a coal heap as eagerly as a chilly man into a hot bath. In a moment my hands and face were black and my suit moderately dirty.

So back to the bicycle shop, now without the bandage, which I had left hidden under coal. The proprietor of the shop said: "Gawd, you are in a mess, ain't yer?"

That entitled me to be short with him. I could trust my cockney dialect enough to answer: "Never seed a sweep before?"

After that, with grunts and monosyllables, I made him parade his bicycles before me. I bought one that had two wheels and a brake; that was all you could say for it. It cost £4.

On my disreputable bicycle I went to the ironmonger's, keeping to my part of an uncommunicative man in a filthy temper. I made a play of examining a bundle of second-hand sweep's brushes at the entrance to the shop. "'Ere!" I called to him rudely. "I'll 'ave this lot."

He came out from behind his counter. He took me without question for a sweep. That was reassuring. As soon as I was in connection with brushes, the very slight difference between soot and coal-dust became unnoticeable.

"Two quid," he said.

"Thirty bob."

"Thirty-two and a tanner."

I closed at that. With the brushes and rods came a couple of straps. I fixed the bundle to my machine and bicycled west along the Embankment with a very open mind. Unless I made a gross mistake, I was untraceable.

To be continued next week

It's The Custom... In CRIPPLEGATE

John Cassidy made this barrel. Now, he is rolled in it

Coopers truss the new journeyman

WHEN twenty-one year old John Cassidy finished his apprenticeship to the highly skilled craft of coopering, he was thrown into a smoking-hot hogshead (a fifty-four gallon beer cask), drenched by a mixture of soot, whitewash, hot water, beer and oak shavings, rolled around the floor, tossed high in the air three times and then made to drink a pint of beer.

This is the traditional ceremony for the initiation of a journeyman cooper. It is known as "trussing the cooper," and it is observed whenever an apprentice cooper completes his course at Whitbread's Brewery, in Cripplegate, in the City of London. It is followed by the presentation of a trade certificate of fitness to be a journeyman cooper, fully qualified to select wood, cut it and shape it, and to make, by hand, beer casks of all sizes, from the four and a half gallon pin to the 108-gallon butt.

The next apprentice to be trussed at the Cripplegate brewery will be George Pettingell, senior of the four apprentices now in training. Next week he will complete his five-year course and take his trade test.

For his trussing, the new cooper makes a hogshead, but leaves it uncompleted—with the staves of wood standing upright, and not yet bent and shaped by the iron hoops. The cooper then leaves the Apprentices' Room, and the partly made hogshead is placed over a burning brazier. This is normal coopering practice — the heat makes the oak pliable for the bending.

When everything is ready, the coopers make a tremendous din by banging lumps of metal with their adzes. They are "ringing in the apprentice," who is carried into the room and bundled into the hogshead.

The coopers gather round and truss the cask—banging down the iron hoops that hold it together. Then follows the drenching, rolling and tossing.

After the apprentice has been trussed, the same treatment is given to his master—and to anyone else who is unwary enough to be caught.

THE WOMAN OF BAGHDAD

Continued from page 26

must have found Zaki and somehow acted on your son's fantastic story. I found my brother in the garden—and a grave exactly where——"

Chafik remembered the mud on Ibrahim's shoes and clothes. "I suppose your brother will remember nothing."

"That is always so the next day."

Jamil hesitated and then said: "I regret my delay in coming to you after the storm. I—I was afraid—of the situation, of the boy's tale, of you."

The little man recalled yesterday's indignity and grew taller. He said: "Your story appears to hold together, but your sister says you killed Zaki."

Jamil said: "Now it has happened, and a brother must talk. Surely, inspector, you observed my sister has a strange mind?"

"She is strange, certainly," Chafik said, "but I have never met a woman so serene. Can you explain how it is that she corroborates the fantasy of my son?"

Jamil Hadi moved in his chair. He answered: "I cannot. You met Zaki alive. You know——"

"Yes," Chafik said. "I am your witness. . . ."

The inspector continued his investigation. Near the house door, he detected a stain where Jamil claimed Zaki Attala had died.

Then he walked down the cloister to the river wall and there he found a chip in the masonry. Something, he decided, had struck with the authority of a bullet and made its mark very recently. But where he stood was at least twenty yards from the house door and stained pavement. He looked up and saw that Rejina's rooms were above.

Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah: "Possibly of no importance, but note it."

An officer came up and said: "Sir, there is a band of boys at the door. One says he is your son."

FAISAL came in, dragging a reluctant boy. Other urchins, uniformed alike in ragged gowns and wisps of turban, waited outside the door.

Faisal said: "Here is Malek and he has something to tell you about the murder done here and——"

"Wait!" Chafik said hastily. "Tell me first how you knew a murder had been committed here."

"All Baghdad knows," Faisal replied.

"I am a detective in a fish bowl!" exclaimed the inspector.

"Malek will not talk to policemen," Faisal said. "What he has to tell is that last night he took shelter from the storm outside there among the date palms." He pointed through the doorway. "He heard a shot and then the gun came, thrown by somebody, and he looked and saw a woman and——"

"A man, not a woman," Chafik said absently. "But a gun? Thrown!"

"This one," said his son.

He reached into his blouse and gave his father a pistol of old pattern. "The fingerprints have got all rubbed off," Faisal said, "and, my father, Malek was honest to bring it to me because he could have got perhaps two dinars for a gun and he should be rewarded."

"Truly you are Sheik of the Waifs!" Chafik said dryly.

He examined the weapon, and Faisal said, "I have come to help you—I and my men. If there is somebody you wish to find, he cannot hide from them; they know all Baghdad. You said there was a man——"

"Aziz Chelebi, the father-in-law of Zaki," Chafik said absently.

Immediately Faisal said, "My men will find you Aziz."

"Enough!" commanded the inspector. "What manner of thing is this? I have a police force, and you offer me your ragged street urchins! Go home and stay home!"

Chafik turned to Jamil and offered the gun. "Can you identify this?" he asked.

Jamil turned it over and over. Finally he said, "No, I cannot identify it." He gave the gun back and averted his face.

Chafik went to call on the dead man's widow, Naomi, the daughter of Aziz Chelebi. He found her in two cluttered rooms in the Nassah Quarter.

He said, "The compassion of God embraces you. Where is your father?"

Naomi's hands were clasped tightly. "I do not know where my father is."

"Do not hide things from me. He came from Basra yesterday, at your insistence. He went to many cafés looking for Zaki; he made many threats—and in the end he traced Zaki to the House of Hadi and went there. I saw him."

The woman said, "I know. I followed him. I was afraid for Zaki. My father's temper——"

CHAFIK got up and paced the room and noted the many absurd gadgets Zaki had bought to please his wife. And to ease his conscience, thought the inspector.

"What made you send for your father if you feared his violence towards your husband?"

"I—I was overwrought. I did not think. When one is with child——"

"All the world knows," Chafik said. "When you heard that Zaki might divorce you to marry his cousin, what did you——"

"I hated him! I hated them both!"

"Do not hate Rejina," Chafik begged. "She refused him. But what of her brothers?"

"Jamil came here often. He and my husband talked a great deal together but I do not know what they talked about."

Somebody knocked, and the inspector went to the door and found an old man who carried a giant basket of fruits. In an ancient voice, the messenger said, "Bless the sender! A gift from the Lady Rejina to the Lady Naomi!"

The woman and the police inspector stared at the basket.

Then Naomi said, "That woman sent it? *That* woman?"

Chafik said, "The human mind cannot probe the depths of Rejina's heart."

"People say she is mad."

"People are unkind. She is eccentric."

Zaki's wife hesitated and then took an apple from the basket. The inspector went to find a plate and a knife.

He found a knife in a rack above the kitchen sink. It was a novel rack: instead of slots a bar magnet held the implements.

Carefully he peeled the apple and offered it, then he became the policeman again. "Do you recognize this?" He brought out the gun.

Naomi let her head covering fall, and for the first time he saw her. Briefly she was beautiful, and then she was hysterical.

"No, no, no!" she screamed. And she seized the basket of fruits and

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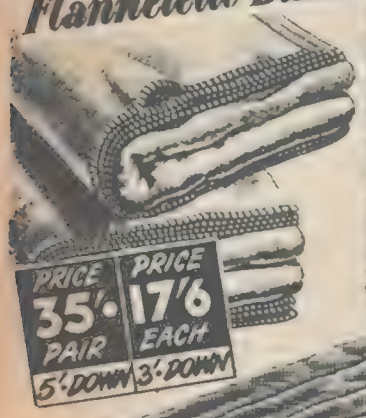

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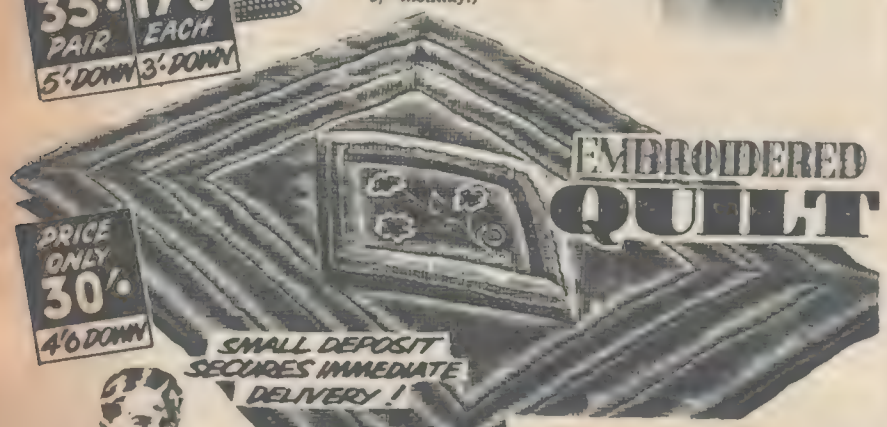

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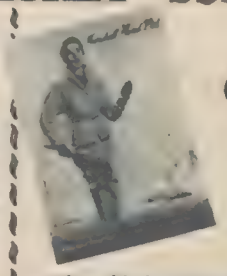

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threw it with shocking violence on the floor. "I will take nothing! Nothing from that woman!"

The inspector backed to the door, hands raised defensively. "For God's sake!" he said to the policewoman who was in attendance. "Calm her! She is with child!"

Later, in his office, Inspector Chafik read the laboratory reports. Ballistics proved that the bullet taken out of Zaki matched the gun; both the gun and the ammunition were old-fashioned. Furthermore, the gun belonged to an era when registration was not required.

Then there were the surgeon's findings; the suggested time of Zaki's death covered a period of two hours either side of five o'clock.

He looked at other reports. The police still had not found Aziz Chelebi, the father of Naomi. He wondered how a man like Aziz, who had no criminal cunning, could elude the dragnet.

A DAY passed and nothing was changed. Chafik sat late in his favourite café, reading a copy of *Al-Ha-wedith*. He only put the newspaper down when his assistant arrived.

"We have found the suspect, Aziz Chelebi," Abdullah said. "He is dead."

The father of Naomi lay in an alleyway not far from his daughter's house. There were many knife wounds in his back, and he had not been dead long.

Abdullah said, "A curious item, sir. He has not been robbed. May I venture to suggest he was killed in anger?"

"The suggestion deserves consideration, but I think it was panic, not anger," said Inspector Chafik.

He turned the corpse over and looked at the face, and it was the one he had seen in the storm.

Chafik said, "Poor father!" Then he added, "Poor daughter, twice bereaved in three days."

While he talked, he went through Aziz's pockets. Suddenly he exclaimed, then held up for Abdullah's inspection a few rounds of revolver ammunition.

"Calibre .32. It would fit the gun that killed Zaki. But why was Aziz killed?"

Chafik came home to the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings as the stars were going out. He walked wearily up the garden path, wondering why there were lights on in the house.

Leila was in the hallway. She was wearing a wrap over her nightdress, and her dark hair was unbraided. He saw with alarm that she was trying to conceal a pistol.

"What happened?" he asked sharply.

"Faisal saw somebody at the window, and I ran to look. I saw a shadow." Leila shivered and drew her wrap round her. "I took your spare pistol," she said. "I went out——"

He beat his hands. "Courageous but foolish!"

"He dropped this," Leila said. She showed him a knife.

Chafik's hands shook as he took the knife. It had a good steel blade set in a wooden haft: there were thousands of knives like it in the kitchens of Baghdad. Somebody had used adhesive tape to make a better grip, and the inspector's hope of fingerprints faded. He slanted the blade to the light and saw particles embedded in the imprint of the manufacturer's name. His face said what he thought.

"Blood?" Leila asked, losing control.

He nodded. "I will send it to the laboratory for analysis," he said tiredly.

Then he heard his son's voice calling, and he ran to the boy's room. Faisal was sitting up in bed, and his enormous eyes seemed to fill his face.

"Now you've got a real adventure to tell your friends," Chafik said with false cheerfulness.

"But, my father, it was real the other time."

The inspector listened with half an ear. He remembered the Koran, for the prayer call now sounded from all the mosques in Baghdad, and he sought in it, as always, guidance for the day. He found it in the seventeenth sura, the thirty-eighth verse: *And follow not that of which thou hast no knowledge; because the hearing and the sight and the heart, each shall be inquired of.*

He clapped his hands and cried to his son, "This is truly a revelation! Exactly what did you hear when you climbed the tree to look into the garden?"

Faisal answered, "I heard nothing after the lady screamed."

"You heard no spade digging?"

"Ibrahim had not started to dig."

CHAFIK jumped up excitedly. All that had happened at the Bayt Kamil Hadi had been a three-act play. The second act, staged when he called with Faisal, had been impromptu, but the first had been carefully rehearsed and would have gone off smoothly if Faisal had not unexpectedly joined the audience.

"A play intended for an audience of one," Chafik told his son.

Faisal was bewildered. "But, my father——"

"Where is your intelligence?" shouted the little man, and he harangued the boy as he would have an assistant: "Consider that chip in the masonry under Rejina's window. That was obviously made by a bullet—the bullet she heard fired at five o'clock. But it did not kill Zaki."

"No, my father," agreed Faisal.

"Zaki was killed in the third act. I don't know how, for certain, although the evidence so far points

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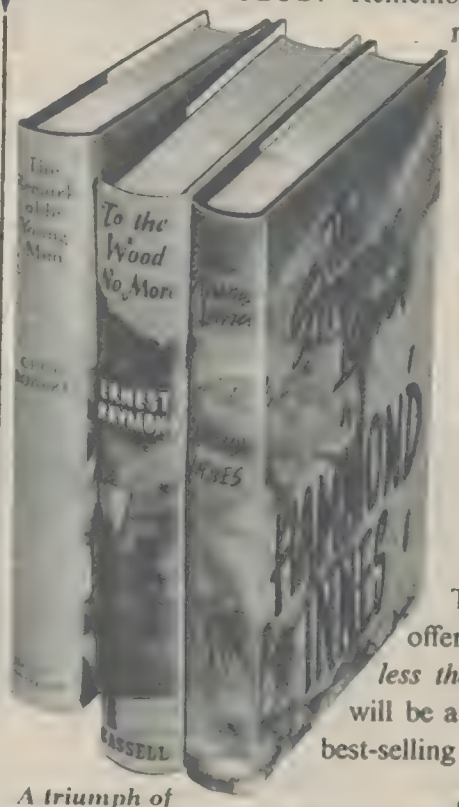

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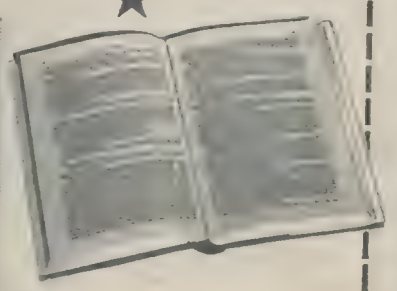

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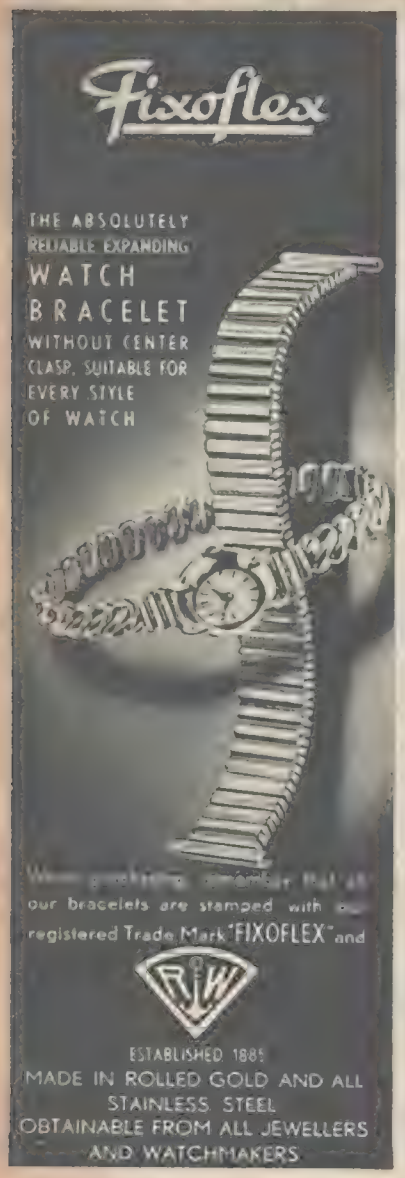
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to Aziz. But was there a fourth act? Could Aziz have been innocent, and was he killed because he saw something he shouldn't?"

"Like I did?" the boy asked. "What I saw I should not have seen, and if this Aziz also saw what he should not have seen, and got killed——"

"Nonsense!" the inspector said vehemently, but he was sure the intruder who had come that night was fearful of Faisal's knowledge.

Chafik commanded himself to be calm. He asked the question: If my theory is correct, how did this individual trace Aziz?

He thought a moment and then had the answer.

Chafik patted his son's shoulder, and went to the telephone. He phoned his assistant and said: "Abdullah, my friend, clothe yourself and come and watch my son. He is in danger. I place him in your care."

A FEW hours later the laboratory report on the knife Leila had found arrived in Chafik's office. It showed that the knife could have made the wounds in Aziz's body and, as Chafik suspected, there was human blood congealed on the blade. There was another curious fact. The weapon was magnetized. . . .

Inspector Chafik's face was sombre. He searched his mind for some minutes. What he found there made him curse his profession and the malignancy of his thoughts. He told his driver to take him to the house of Zaki Attala's wife.

He found Naomi sitting at the window. She looked at him with eyes that were without lustre, her hands motionless in her lap.

Chafik was discomfited, and, after a careful salaam, he made an excuse to go to the kitchen for a glass of water.

The malignant thought that had brought him here made him examine the novelty knife rack. There was a space where a knife was missing. He detached another and touched it to an iron pot, and, as he had feared, there was weak but definite magnetism in the blade.

"There are few like it in Baghdad," Chafik said. "May I be forgiven for what I think."

He went back to Naomi and said abruptly:

"Have you considered the possibility that your father, in his anger, might have——"

Naomi cried, "That lie is a dagger in your heart!"

"By custom," continued Chafik, "a father arranges a daughter's marriage. If the marriage is a mistake, and he is a fond father, he——"

"It was not his will I married Zaki. I asked for Zaki! My father was too proud to refuse, but he warned me; he said Zaki was mixed in strange affairs with Jamil——"

"So you knew more of that than you told me when I questioned you," he said sternly. "Open your mouth, woman! Confess!" He detested himself for his police methods.

She protested, "But I am not sure what they talked about. I think it was about Rejina. Jamil said she was insane. If it could be proved——"

"He could take the estate!" Chafik interrupted.

And he went on, "Now we have the theme of the play. They put on an act, those precious brothers and your man. They staged a quarrel and pretended to kill Zaki—that was the shot Rejina heard—and then they pretended to bury him. If Faisal had not seen it, all would have gone according to plan. Rejina would have told her tale, and then Zaki would have been produced alive. What better proof of her insanity, and her unfitness to handle her father's estate?"

He pulled himself together and asked Naomi, "If you knew all this, why did you believe Zaki was going to divorce you?"

"I was in despair. I feared he would desert me. And I hated Rejina. I did not know of her kindness. I had not met her. When she came here yesterday with her brothers, it was as if my mother lived again."

"What?" Chafik shouted. "Rejina came here? And Jamil and Ibrahim?"

Naomi said, "Yes, they came. Rejina is strange, but her heart is big."

Inspector Chafik thought of the knife and how another person could have taken it from the magnetic rack. He took the young woman's hands and bowed over them. "Oh, God the Merciful!" he cried. "Forgive a policeman his suspicions. And please forgive me, too, Naomi, daughter of Aziz!"

IT was long after the call to the midday prayer when the door of Inspector Chafik's office opened and Abdullah came in with Faisal. The sergeant said, "Sir, I bring you a disturber of the peace. It was a very good fight while it lasted."

Faisal had a swelling under one eye and was licking his knuckles.

"What was it all about?"

"Father, one of my men had

cheated. You know, I make them put the money they earn in an old hat at the end of the day, and——"

Chafik interrupted, "How much did this boy hold out?"

"It was five dinars. So much money is——"

"How did he earn five dinars?"

Faisal's unbruised eye widened. "Now this is strange. It concerns Aziz Chelebi——"

Chafik said, "Somebody gave him five dinars to find out where Aziz was hiding."

The light went out in Faisal's heart-shaped face. "You know everything before I begin," he complained. Then he rushed on, "It was a man; he smelled of arak——"

"Arak!" exclaimed the inspector.

Sergeant Abdullah said, "The drunken brother. I had hoped it would be the other one, sir."

Chafik went to the boy. "Go home and put on your best clothes," he said, "We are going to call on a lady."

The inspector had sent Rejina a note and received a courteous invitation. *And now I come as a snake into her garden,* he thought.

REJINA was wearing a soft blue dress and a chiffon stole, and her hennaed hair was parted in the middle and brushed flat. She welcomed Faisal with an ardour that frightened him, then turned to Ibrahim and said: "Brother, go bring the good things. Our young guest has an eager stomach."

"Where is Jamil?" Chafik asked.

"He is resting. He was out all night."

The inspector held back an exclamation. The woman was engrossed in Faisal, and Chafik slipped out to the kitchen to interrogate Ibrahim.

Chafik said softly, "Did you take the knife from Naomi's house?"

"A knife? What use would I have for a knife?"

"Did you bribe a boy to look for Aziz Chelebi?"

"I do not remember. When the wine flows, I forget and——"

"Aziz was killed last night," Chafik said.

The alcoholic shuddered. "There has been too much killing."

"Who killed Zaki?"

Ibrahim drew himself up. "Do not inquire into that!" he said fiercely. "If you do, there might be —another——"

He picked up a laden tray, and they went out.

Faisal was sitting with Rejina on the sofa. He said excitedly: "The lady says there are sprites in the river and——"

Chafik found a chiding voice and said, "Too many fairy stories! The next thing, you'll be telling the lady about what you imagined you saw on the day of the storm."

Faisal jiggled on the sofa and shouted, "I did see it! There was Ibrahim, and there was the other one who had the beard, and there was a dead man and——"

Rejina turned to the boy's father and said fiercely, "Enough!"

"Lady," the inspector said—and he did not like himself—"what happened after your brothers killed Zaki, as you told me they did?"

"They buried him, and he got up and walked again."

Chafik looked across the room. Ibrahim stood rooted in the doorway, unable to speak.

Rejina went on calmly, "Yes, Zaki walked again. Probably he came to look for me, since he loved me. Poor restless spirit!"

"Sister!" Ibrahim's voice was choked.

"It was indeed a visitation," she said, not heeding him. "I saw Zaki's poor spirit wandering near the house door. I even heard Zaki's poor, dead voice!"

Faisal looked up with interest.

"So I took my father's old pistol," Rejina told Chafik, "and returned to the house door. It took only a moment to give him rest. That was proper, don't you think? And then I threw the gun away. I do not like guns." A gentle smile came. "I know Zaki

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

is at peace, because his poor ghost has not come to haunt me again."

The clouds passed. She turned to Faisal and said indulgently, "Shall I tell you another fairy story, pretty boy?"

Now Chafik saw the whole design; Jamil's plan to prove his sister's insanity, the failure of the plan because of the unexpected audience, Faisal.

But none of the three plotters had guessed how fragile Rejina's mind was, and probably Jamil did not care. The thread of her reason had snapped, and she had taken the gun and gone to Zaki, as a mother goes with soothing medicine for a sick child.

Aziz, waiting outside, had seen his son-in-law fall in the open doorway, and because of his threats to kill Zaki he had run in panic.

Jamil, seeing him run, at first thought him guilty. Then, when the familiar gun was found, he had guessed the truth and shared the horror with his befuddled accomplice, the weak Ibrahim.

Here was proof of Rejina's insanity, and ironically, it could not be used; the evidence would inevitably bring the conspiracy to light, and involve the brothers as accomplices. Now they were certain Aziz had witnessed the killing and would talk when the police found him.

"So he became a menace to be removed," Chafik announced. "Panic! And the one who panicked was——"

Instinctively, he swung round. He saw Ibrahim, who still stood helpless in the doorway, thrust violently aside. He saw Jamil, the beard and hair wild, gun in hand.

"That hell-brat!" the man shouted.

Chafik said carefully, "I am your nemesis, not Faisal."

Jamil said, "You made her talk. You used the boy and made her talk. Always the boy. If he hadn't come nosing around, if one of his gutter-snipes hadn't found the gun, if——"

"You and I," Chafik said, "have the real quarrel. I traced the knife that will hang you."

THE man's round eyes switched to Chafik, but the gun was still on Faisal. *Give me time*, Chafik prayed. "You hoped when you took the knife from Naomi's house that she would appear guilty of patricide."

He willed Jamil to come nearer, and said, "You put cartridges in Aziz's pocket to make it look as if he had killed Zaki. And you used your brother as go-between with the bazaar boys, so that if one plan failed, the other might succeed. You knew Ibrahim would be too drunk to know if he'd killed or not."

Jamil forgot Faisal and turned the gun on the little man who goaded him. Chafik hurled himself forward as the wildly fired shot resounded in the room.

Falling short, he scrambled to hands and knees. He saw Jamil level the gun again. He saw Ibrahim throw himself at his brother, and heard him shout, "No more killing! No more——"

There was a second shot and Ibrahim fell away.

The impact of Chafik's body carried Jamil to the floor. He put his knee into him and used his forearms like clubs. He thought of Aziz Chelebi, of the widowed Naomi, of Rejina's fragile mind; he struck Jamil again and again for each of them. He was still striking when strong hands dragged him from the helpless man.

"Leave him for the hangman, sir," said a familiar voice.

The fog lifted, and Chafik recognized Abdullah; the police had rushed in with the first shot.

He looked round for Faisal. The boy was sitting on the sofa, staring. His mouth and hands were sticky with honey cake. Chafik said to one of his men: "Take him out," and went quickly to where Ibrahim lay.

But Ibrahim was dead.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK sat in his office. He was alone with his son. Presently, he looked up from the report he was writing.

"Faisal, you are a man, are you not?"

"Yes, my father, I am nine years——"

"Then you will understand it is sometimes merciful to make a little twist in the truth. It would, for example, be nice to forget something a lady has said, particularly since that lady has herself forgotten."

"Yes, my father," Faisal said blankly.

Chafik took his pen and wrote: "With reference to the death of Zaki Attala, I submit the evidence is clear that he was killed in a quarrel with Jamil Hadi. I respectfully suggest that as Jamil Hadi already stands accused of the murder of Aziz Chelebi, and the death of Ibrahim Hadi, a full investigation of the case is unnecessary. However, I append the names of two witnesses who observed Zaki Attala's burial, by the two Hadi brothers, at, or about, the evening hour of five on the day in question. . . ."

The inspector hesitated and then wrote firmly: "Rejina of the House of Hadi, and Faisal, my son." He signed the report, looked at the solemn boy, and winked. "So what you saw that day you really saw," he announced.

"Yes, my father. Truly I saw it."

"Ah, you are truly a man, Faisal."

Inspector Chafik took his son by the hand, and they went out together into a carnival Baghdad, lighted by the lanterns of the stars. THE END

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 12, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,972 result.)

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